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FAMOUS HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS

F·A·JONES

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MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
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FAMOUS HYMNS and their Authors

By Francis Arthur Jones

WITH PORTRAITS
AND FACSIMILES

SECOND EDITION

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To Ceil
In ever affectionate
Remembrance

Preface

IN the compilation of this volume (the work of some ten years) an immense number of authorities have necessarily been consulted. Among these should be specially mentioned the works of Dr. John Mason Neale, Canon Ellerton, the Rev. L. C. Biggs, the Rev. John Brownlie, the Rev. John Chandler, Dr. Phillip Schaff, Mr. G. T. Stevenson, and Dr. John Julian.

The " Lives " of many of our foremost hymnists have also been consulted, notably Bishop Ken, Bishop How, Bishop Heber, Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, Dean Alford, Dean Milman, Father Faber, T. T. Lynch, and others.

To the following who have rendered me invaluable assistance as regards special information, portraits, photographs, or manuscripts, I gladly acknowledge my indebtedness :—His Grace the Archbishop of York, the Right Rev. Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, Prebendary Thring, Dr. John Julian, the Rev. F. M. Bird (for much interesting information regarding American hymn writers), the Rev. H. N. Bonar, the Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, the Rev. John Brownlie, the Rev. R. H. Bullock,

the Rev. H. E. T. Crusoe, the Rev. Frank Ellerton, the Rev. P. E. L. Holland, the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Sir Herbert Oakeley, and the Rev. W. H. Whiting; Miss J. Baker, Miss S. Gurney, Miss K. Hankey, Mrs. G. S. Hodges, Mrs. J. Luke, Mrs. M. F. Maude, Mrs. E. H. Miller, Mrs. F. A. Shaw, Mrs. E. M. Synge, and Miss G. Wordsworth; W. Beck, Esq., J. Potter Briscoe, Esq., H. C. Camp, Esq. (New York), C. E. Conder, Esq., H. Daniell, Esq., C. W. Lock, Esq., Arthur Milman, Esq., G. E. Newman, Esq., T. Viccars, Esq., and S. Young, Esq.

From the following hymnists who have passed away while this book was in the making I also received much valued assistance:—The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How, the Rev Canon Bright, the Rev. Canon Twells, the Rev. A. G. W. Blunt, the Rev. S. J. Stone, the Rev. Laurence Tuttiett, W. Chatterton Dix, Esq., and Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

For permission to use the many copyright photographs included in this volume my thanks are due to those whose names appear below the portraits.

F. A. J.

LONDON, *Nov.*, 1902.

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I

Morning and Evening Hymns

FROM the days of St. Ambrose to the present time hymnists have found in the beginning and close of the day a favourite subject for religious verse. As a result those hymns specially written for morning and evening service not only form an mportant section of our hymnals, but also constitute some of the finest compositions of the kind in the language.

To Bishop Ken we are indebted for two hymns which, for a hundred and sixty years, have found a place in every English hymnal. "Awake, my soul, and with the sun" is not, perhaps, as often sung to-day at morning service as it was, say fifty years ago, but the Doxology, which concludes this hymn, as well as the same author's "All praise to Thee, my God, this night," is probably more frequently sung than any other single verse in our hymnals.

Bishop Ken wrote these two hymns, together with one for midnight, for the scholars of Winchester College, and it is said that before being published several copies were written in printed letters on large sheets and hung on the walls of the dormitories, where the boys could see them the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. When they came to be published, in 1674, the author appended to them the following note:

"Be sure to sing the morning and evening hymn in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist, upon happy experience, assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of His truth in the night season."

The hymn for midnight, which consists of thirteen verses, is not very frequently sung, possibly owing to the rather inconvenient hour for which it was intended. However, in various forms it is to be met with in many hymnals. Six verses, together with the Doxology, form a complete hymn by themselves, and may, without any very great outrage on the intentions of the author, be sung as an evening hymn.

Thomas Ken was born at Berkhampstead in 1637, and was brought up under the guardianship of his brother-in-law, Isaak Walton. He was educated at Winchester, became a Fellow of New

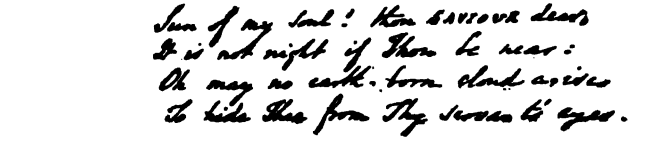
College, Oxford, in 1657, Rector of Little Easton in 1663, and Rector of Woodhay and Prebendary of Winchester in 1669. It was during his last-mentioned preferment that he wrote his famous hymns. He is said to have had a beautiful voice, and was often heard in his chamber singing his morning and evening hymns to tunes which he had himself composed, accompanying himself on the viol or spinet.

In 1679 he became Chaplain to the Princess Mary, at The Hague, but was summarily dismissed from this post through expressing rather too openly his disapproval at certain Court proceedings. The following year he returned to Winchester and narrowly escaped a quarrel with Charles II by refusing, on the occasion of a visit from the King, to receive Nell Gwynne into his house. Instead of losing his temper, however, that extraordinary monarch, on being told of Ken's inhospitality, laughed good humouredly and shortly afterwards made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. When William III ascended the throne, Bishop Ken, for reasons which have never been very satisfactorily explained, refused to take the oaths, and was, in consequence, dismissed from office. A few years later, however, he was again offered the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, which he declined,

preferring to end his days in retirement at Longleat, where he died in 1710.

From Keble's *Christian Year* we get two morning hymns which are to be found in all modern hymnals. "New every morning is the love," and "O timely happy, timely wise," are both taken from the same poem beginning "Hues of the rich unfolding morn." This poem, which was written in 1822, and published five years later, consists of sixteen verses, and from it several centos have been taken by various hymnal editors.

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," acknowledged by many hymnologists to be the most frequently sung of all our evening hymns, was written by Keble in 1820, and also first published in the *Christian Year*. The original MS. of this work is preserved at Keble College, Oxford, and it is to the Warden of that College I am indebted for permission to give a facsimile reproduction of the first verse of this famous hymn:—


Sun of my soul! thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

As my readers are probably well aware, "Sun of my soul," as it appears in the majority

of our hymnals, consists of verses taken from the poem beginning "'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze." In the College Library may be seen two MSS. of "Sun of my soul," but the one I have chosen for reproduction here bears an earlier date than the other, and contains Keble's alterations. Though the *Christian Year* has not now so great a sale as formerly, it is still widely read, while at one time it had a larger circulation than that of any other work of a similar character. From the profits arising out of the sale of this book Keble built Hursley Church.

John Keble was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, in 1792, being the son of the Vicar of Colne. After a brilliant career at Oxford he took Holy Orders, his first curacy being that of East Leach and Burthorpe. The *Christian Year* appeared in 1827 and was an instant success, edition after edition being called for. Hymnal editors of all denominations begged for permission to make selections for their own particular collections, requests which were readily and cheerfully granted. Keble was a remarkably modest man, and probably thought less of his own work than did the least of his admirers. He once accompanied the vicar of a parish in the South of England on his visit to the Sunday School. The

superintendent requested him to address a few words to the children, who were already acquainted with his hymns, so that they might the more easily remember them. He timidly shrank from complying, but the superintendent persisting, he then said: "May they sing something?" When they ceased, his face was beaming upon them as he said: "My dear children, you sang most beautifully in tune; may your whole lives be equally in tune, and then you will sing with the angels in heaven."

In 1829 Mr. Keble was offered the living of Hursley by Sir William Heathcote, which he declined for family reasons. Two years later he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in 1833 laid the foundation of the Oxford Movement by delivering his now famous Assize Sermon. Two years afterwards he was again offered the living of Hursley, and accepted it. Here he lived for thirty years, greatly beloved by his parishioners. He died in 1866, on March 29th, his wife following him some six weeks later.

The number of tunes to which "Sun of my soul" has been set are many. Perhaps the most popular, certainly the most beautiful, is "Abends" by Sir Herbert Oakeley. The melody was so exactly suited to the words that it found im-

mediate favour with the editors of every kind of hymnal, and to-day it would be difficult to find the collection which does not contain it.

Sir Herbert Oakeley is a rapid worker, and the tune to "Sun of my soul" was written in less than half an hour. In a letter which I received from the composer some time ago Sir Herbert says:

"There is not much to record *re* 'Abends.' I was, many years ago, impelled to set Keble's words to music for Sir Henry Baker, in consequence of the inadequacy if not vulgarity of the tune which had got into general use. I refer to 'Hursley,' which, however, is now less often sung than formerly.

"'Hursley,' strange to say, had been in use in Germany—where, as a rule, chorales (*Anglicè* hymn tunes) are so dignified and admirable—since *circiter* 1792, and is attributed to Paul Ritter.

"One of my reasons for disliking it is the resemblance it bears to a drinking song, 'Se vuol ballare,' in *Nozze di Figaro.* As Mozart produced that opera in 1786, he is responsible for the opening strain, which suits his Bacchanalian words very well. But to hear 'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,' sung to a lively tune, unsuitable

to sacred words, often had the effect of driving me out of church."

No one can seriously think for a moment that the fact of a congregation joining in a hymn redeems a tune, musically, or at least ecclesiastically, bad. The public, however, will join in any easy melody if the words are good, and if the origin of the music is unknown. "The practice," continues Sir Herbert, "adopted by some hymnal editors, of associating tunes with hymns other than those for which they were written, is to be much regretted." This opinion was shared by the late Dr. Dykes, who on several occasions refused the use of a hymn tune on learning that it was to be sung to words other than those for which he had written it.

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies" was written by Charles Wesley, and first published in 1740. James Montgomery, who was more keenly alive to the true value of a hymn than many editors, averred that it was one of the finest of all Charles Wesley's compositions.

It has not, however, escaped alteration at the hands of editors, to whom, let us hope, John Wesley's appeal in the preface to his hymnal was unknown. "I beg leave," runs this characteristic paragraph, "to mention a thought which has been long upon

1 THE REV. F. W. FABER, D.D.
From a Photo.

2 THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP THOMAS KEN, D.D.
From an Engraving.

3 MR. JOHN BYROM, M.A.
From a Sketch made from life.

4 KERSAL CELL.
Photo by Mitchell, Cheetham.

5 THE REV. G. R. PRYNNE, M.A.
Photo by Steer, Plymouth

my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or worse, or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men."

"Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," one of the tenderest dismissal hymns for evening service that we possess, was written in 1849 by Frederick William Faber. Like the majority of Dr. Faber's hymns, it was composed expressly for use in the Brompton Oratory.

In several collections this hymn begins "O Saviour, bless us ere we go," and the last verse, appealing as it does more particularly to Roman Catholics, is generally omitted. It is one of the most frequently sung of all Dr. Faber's hymns

and there are few collections of modern date in which it does not find a place.

Dr. Faber was the son of a Church of England clergyman and was born at Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, in 1814. After graduating at Balliol College, Oxford, he was ordained and became Rector of Elton in 1843. Three years later he left the Church of England and established the Brotherhood of St. Philip Neri, in King William Street, Strand, which was afterwards removed to the Brompton Oratory.

Dr. Faber was the author of several prose works as well as three volumes of hymns. It is in his *Jesus and Mary*, that many of his best hymns were first published. This collection, which is still in use at the Oratory, contains in the preface an account of the circumstances under which Dr. Faber wrote his hymns :—

"It was natural," he says, "that an English son of St. Philip should feel the want of a collection of English Catholic hymns fitted for singing. The few in the *Garden of the Soul* were all that were at hand, and, of course, they were not numerous enough to furnish the requisite variety. As to translations they do not express Saxon thoughts and feelings, and consequently the poor do not seem to take to them. The domestic

wants of the Oratory, too, kept alive the feeling that something of the sort was needed: though at the same time the Author's ignorance of music appeared in some measure to disqualify him for the work of supplying the defect. Eleven, however, of the hymns were written, most of them, for particular tunes and on particular occasions, and became very popular with a country congregation. They were afterwards printed for the schools at St. Wilfrid's, and the very numerous applications to the printer for them seemed to show that, in spite of very glaring literary defects, such as careless grammar and slipshod metre, people were anxious to have Catholic hymns of any sort. The MS. of the present volume was submitted to a musical friend, who replied that certain verses of all or nearly all the hymns would do for singing; and this encouragement has led to the publication of the volume."

Numerous are the instances of hymn-writers who are remembered by single compositions only. Henry Francis Lyte is a case in point, for though he wrote many hymns, it is with "Abide with me" that his name will always be associated. This hymn, which was written at the little fishing port of Brixham, on the shores of Torbay, was the author's last composition, and it has probably

brought as much, if not more, comfort and hope to stricken humanity as all the sermons ever uttered or written.

Brixham is celebrated in history as the landing place of William III. in 1688, "to uphold the religion and liberties of England." The stone on which His Majesty first set foot is still preserved in an obelisk at the head of the quaint little pier. Shortly after his accession, William IV paid a visit to Brixham and was met at the landing-stage by Mr. Lyte and a surpliced choir; and the stone, on which his namesake had trodden so many years before, was carried down the steps in order that the King might also place his foot thereon. Berry Head House, about half-a-mile distant from the town, was a gift to Mr. Lyte from William IV. It is a solidly-built mansion, and was originally, when Berry Head was garrisoned, the military hospital. The ruggedness of its exterior is now toned down by yellow roses, clematis, and Virginia creeper. The scene from the verandah is magnificent, for the sea laps the very foot of the terraced gardens. It was here that "Abide with me" was written.

Some six or seven years ago I happened to be staying in Brixham and was fortunate enough to meet an old member of Mr. Lyte's choir, a worthy

gentleman who was credited with knowing more about the celebrated hymnist than any other living man. As we sat on the old pier one morning in early June, and watched the trawlers setting sail for the fishing grounds, my companion chatted animatedly about the late hymnist, evidently well pleased to find some one who took an interest in a man of whom he was palpably never tired of talking.

"I was a member of Mr. Lyte's choir," he said, "in 1846—I and a dozen others, all dead now. We were deeply attached to him. He had the gentlest expression and most winning manner possible, and yet I suppose we caused him more grief than all his trials of ill health. We left his choir and gave up teaching in his Sunday School, and though I should probably do the same thing to-morrow under similar circumstances, it gives me a feeling of intense sadness even now when I think of it.

"This is how it came about. A short while before he left us to go to Nice, where it was hoped the climate would benefit his health, some influential members of the Plymouth Brethren visited Brixham and persuaded ten of us to join them. After due deliberation we went in a body to Mr. Lyte and told him that we intended to leave his church. He took it calmly enough, though we practically

constituted his entire choir, and said that nothing would be farther from his thoughts than to stand between us and our consciences. He bade us think the matter over very seriously and come to him again in a few days. We did so, but our decision remained unaltered. We left him, and never entered his church again. When 'Abide with me' came to be written, each of us was given a copy, and then we realized, perhaps more keenly than any one else, the true meaning of the words—

> 'When other *helpers* fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, O abide with me.'"

The story of how this hymn came to be written is an oft-told tale, and yet this little volume would be far from complete were it omitted altogether. Briefly, the story is this. In 1847 Mr. Lyte had become so weak and ill by his devotion to his flock that the doctors ordered his removal to Nice, where it was hoped the more genial climate would restore some of his lost health. The evening of the Sunday prior to his departure was a beautiful one, and after service he left his house and strolled, as was his custom, down the garden path to the seashore, alone. Here he walked up and down for perhaps half-an-hour, meditating sadly on the farewell words he had so

lately addressed to his congregation, being fully convinced that he had spoken to them for the last time on earth. When the sun had set and the night had closed in Mr. Lyte returned to his house and retired to his study. An hour later (it was thought that he had been lying down) he presented his family with the hymn

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforters flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

accompanied by music which he had also composed. The next morning he left Brixham to return no more, for he died a few months later at Nice, where he now lies buried.

Whether Mr. Lyte intended "Abide with me" to be used solely as an evening hymn it is impossible to say, but Canon Ellerton in his collection places it among those for "General Use," with the following note attached :—

"It is sometimes (nearly always) classed among evening hymns, apparently on the ground of the first two lines, and their similarity in sound to two lines in Keble's 'Sun of my soul.' This is a curious instance of the misapprehension of the true meaning of a hymn by those among whom it is

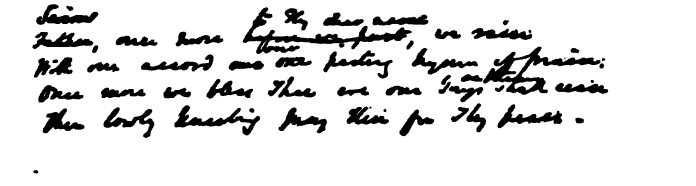
popular, for a very little consideration will suffice to show that there is not throughout the hymn the slightest allusion to the close of the *natural* day: the words of St. Luke xxiv. 29 are obviously used in a sense wholly metaphorical. It is far better adapted to be sung at funerals, as it was beside the grave of Professor Maurice; but it is almost too intense and personal for ordinary congregational use."

After all it matters very little whether a hymn is sung at morning, at evening or at midday so long as it fulfils its purpose. "Abide with me" was written in the evening, and when published was accepted as an evening hymn, and will always be looked upon as an evening hymn by those who sing it. The close of the natural day is the evening of life to thousands, and so the connexion between the two is not so slight as Canon Ellerton would seem to suppose. It was written, we may be very sure, for a purpose, and that purpose was to bring comfort to the living. It is therefore hardly possible that the author intended it to be used as a funeral hymn only. In no hymnal save Canon Ellerton's does "Abide with me" appear in any but its proper place, namely, among those intended for evening service.

The original music to "Abide with me" is now seldom sung, having been supplanted by Dr. Monk's beautiful composition, "Eventide." Dr. Monk's manner of setting Mr. Lyte's hymn will

serve as an example of the rapidity with which he could compose. Starting out one morning with the late Sir Henry Baker, his co-worker in the editing of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, he suddenly recollected that there was no tune to No. 27, "Abide with me." He returned to the house, and, undisturbed by a music lesson that was going on, the doctor sat down and wrote the beautiful and appropriate melody in ten minutes.

An evening hymn which ranks with "Abide with me" and "Sun of my soul" in point of excellence and appropriateness is Canon Ellerton's :—



It was written in 1886 for the Festival of the Malpas, Middlewich and Nantwich Choral Association of that year. Canon Ellerton had a fondness for writing hymns to tunes which took his fancy, and many of his best-known hymns owe their origin to melodies which captured his affections. In the case of "Saviour, again to Thy dear name" he had been much struck by a tune entitled "St. Agnes," in Thorne's collection, and

when he was asked to write a hymn for the Malpas Festival it occurred to him that he would much like to write some words to that air. He therefore took a piece of sermon note, on one side of which, by the way, was a portion of the discourse he had preached the previous Sunday, and drafted out the first rough plan of the hymn. The MS., a portion of which we show here, is a most interesting one owing to the number of corrections made by the author. In comparing the hymn as first written by Canon Ellerton with the "fair" copy which he afterwards made, some difference is apparent. The opening verses originally read :—

Father, once more before we part, we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
Once more we bless Thee, ere our songs shall cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, pray Thee for Thy peace.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light :
From harm and danger, fear and shame kept free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Canon Ellerton originally wrote this hymn in six stanzas of four lines each. In most hymnals, however, the number of verses has been reduced to five and in a few to four. One verse in the MS., the fourth, has been omitted altogether, and, as it

is one of the most beautiful in the whole hymn, I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

> Grant us Thy peace—the peace Thou didst bestow
> On Thine Apostles in Thine hour of woe;
> The peace Thou broughtest, when at eventide
> They saw Thy piercèd hands, Thy wounded side.

For some years this hymn was sung to the tune to which it was originally written, but a short time before the publication of the first revised edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* the hymn was sent to Dr. Dykes, at Durham, with a request that he would set it to music. He did so and, as was his custom, took the manuscript down with him to St. Oswald's. After evening service he played it over to his children in order to obtain from them their opinion as to whether it was a good tune or not. The juvenile critics were unanimous in their approval, and the hymn was despatched to Sir Henry Baker. As may be well believed, Sir Henry was very much "taken" with the setting, and always referred to it as one of the most beautiful of Dr. Dykes' compositions. Shortly before her death Mrs. Ellerton, widow of the hymnist, remarked to me that her husband was also very much delighted with the tune and wrote Dr. Dykes a special letter of thanks

"Saviour, again to Thy dear name" has been translated into many languages and dialects, and is said to be in more extensive use than any other of Canon Ellerton's compositions.

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," by James Edmeston, made its first appearance in the author's *Sacred Lyrics*, published in 1820. For many years it remained in obscurity, unnoticed by hymnal compilers, until Dr. Bickersteth republished it in a little volume called *Christian Psalmody*. From thence it made its way into several collections, and soon began to take its place as one of the foremost hymns for evening service in the language. As originally written it consisted of two verses only, of eight lines each, but in most hymnals it is now given in four four-line stanzas.

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," may be said to owe its origin to Edmeston's love for books of travel. In 1819, happening to be reading Salte's *Travels in Abyssinia*, he came to the following passage: "At night, their short evening hymn, 'Jesus, forgive us,' stole through the camp." Laying aside his book, he took a sheet of paper and spontaneously penned those two simple verses which have since become so well known.

This hymn has undergone a good deal of

pruning and alteration at the hands of various editors, in some cases, perhaps, to its advantage. The following verse, dealing with sudden death, is in several hymnals omitted, probably for the reason that it is a somewhat unhappy conclusion to an otherwise beautiful hymn—

> Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
> And our couch become our tomb;
> May the morn in heaven awake us,
> Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Prebendary Thring has rewritten this verse and cleverly overcome the rather unpleasant suggestion that our bed may also "become our tomb"—

> Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us,
> Jesus, then our Refuge be;
> And in Paradise awake us,
> There to rest in peace with Thee.

James Edmeston, born in 1791, was by profession an architect and surveyor. He was a man of a peculiarly lovable disposition, and passionately fond of children, for whom he wrote many of his hymns. His collection, entitled *Infant Breathings*, contain compositions of a very tender and simple nature, admirably suited for the little pilgrims for whom he wrote. He took a great interest in all

church work, and was for many years churchwarden of St. Barnabas', Homerton. His hymns were written at odd moments, and generally in the evening when he had laid aside his professional duties. He was a constant visitor to the London Orphan Asylum, and for the children there he wrote what is perhaps his second best-known composition—"Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us." Though Mr. Edmeston has written between 1,500 and 2,000 hymns, only the two mentioned here can be said to have come into common use.

"The day is past and over" is one of Dr. John Mason Neale's many translations from the Greek. Dr. Neale attributes the authorship of this hymn to St. Anatolius, but there appears to be some doubt on the point according to many hymnologists. In the preface to his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, where "The day is past and over" was first published, Dr. Neale says :—

"This little hymn, which, I believe, is not used in the public service of the Church, is a great favourite in the Greek Isles. Its peculiar style and evident antiquity may well lead to the belief that it is the work of St. Anatolius. It is, to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's evening hymn is to the village of

our land, and its melody is singularly plaintive and soothing."

The original manuscript of Cardinal Newman's hymn :—

Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!

owing to the circumstances under which it was composed, is probably not now in existence. The facsimile shown here is from a copy made by the late Cardinal on March 9, 1875, and sent with his prayers and best wishes to a friend. There are several such MSS. to be found among the autograph collections of private individuals, for the Cardinal, in reply to the very numerous requests for his autograph, thought so little of that which seemed to please his correspondents as to forward, instead of a simple signature, a verse of his celebrated hymn.

"Lead, kindly Light" was written during the summer months of 1833, at a time of much mental distress, and the words are a very echo of the author's own loneliness. In his *Apologia pro Vita*

Sua Cardinal Newman tells the story of how the hymn came to be written. While travelling on the Continent he was attacked by a sudden illness which necessitated a stay at Castle Giovanni. Here he lay weak and restless for nearly three weeks, the only friend at hand being his servant, who nursed him during his illness. This occurred early in May, and on the 27th of that month he was sufficiently recovered to attempt a journey to Palermo.

"Before starting from my inn," he wrote, "I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home, yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed for a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio, and it was there that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since become so well known."

A great deal of controversy has taken place from time to time regarding the author's meaning in the lines—

And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Whole chapters have been written on the subject by people who endeavoured to elucidate the mystery. It is not improbable that these essays on the meaning of two lines caused the Cardinal, if he saw them, a good deal of amusement. The author himself, on being asked to solve the problem in 1879, replied that he was not bound to remember his own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years.

"Lead, kindly Light" was written specially as an evening hymn. It has been translated into more foreign languages than any other of Cardinal Newman's compositions. In the *Hymnal Companion* Dr. Bickersteth has added the following verse—

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path,
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith,
Home to my God,
To rest for ever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

Cardinal Newman once paid a high compliment to the musical genius of the late Dr. J. B. Dykes, whose setting of his hymn added in no small

degree to its beauty. He was being congratulated by a friend on having written so fine a hymn, when he silenced him with the remark, "It is not the hymn that has gained the popularity, but the tune. The tune is by Dykes, and Dr. Dykes was a great master."

The very beautiful evening hymn:—

> The sun is sinking fast,
> The daylight dies;
> Let love awake, and pay
> Her evening sacrifice.

is a translation by the Rev. Edward Caswall of the hymn from the Latin, "Sol praeceps rapitur proxima nox adest." As in the case of several other hymns obtained from a similar source the author is unknown. The Rev. L. C. Biggs, the editor of an annotated edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, did his best to discover the original writer, but in vain. He wrote to Mr. Caswall, who, in reply, informed him that he also had made every effort to discover the original of this hymn, but without success. "It was," the translator believes, "in the possession of one of the former members of the Edgbaston Oratory, contained in a small book of devotions. It can scarcely be older than the eighteenth century."

The translations from the Latin by Edward Caswall are equal in point of merit to those by Dr. Neale. Though he wrote many original hymns, one only can be said to have become really familiar to the hymn-singing public. On the other hand his translations are widely sung and appreciated both in this country and in America.

Edward Caswall, son of the Rev. R. C. Caswall, was born at Yately in 1814. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and after graduating with honours he became, in 1840, incumbent of Stratford-sub-Castle, near Salisbury. In 1847 he resigned this living, and after seceding to the Church of Rome was received into the Oratory at Edgbaston, where he remained until his death. Mr. Caswall was a very devotional man, warm-hearted, wonderfully good to the poor, and passionately fond of children. Nearly all his hymns and other poems were written at the Oratory, Edgbaston. Though a considerable number of Mr. Caswall's original hymns are to be met with in Roman Catholic collections, few have found their way into Protestant hymn books.

Another instance of a hymnist who is known and remembered by a single composition is Canon Twells. His :—

At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

has gained for the author a foremost place in hymnody. "It was composed in 1868," wrote Canon Twells in a letter addressed to me, some few years since, "at the request of my friend, Sir Henry Baker, at that time Chairman of the Committee of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, who said they wanted a new evening hymn. They were just about to bring out the first Appendix, and it was in this Appendix that the hymn was first published. I have been asked to insert it in 127 hymnals, and many more have taken it without asking me. No other of my hymns has attained a similar popularity.

"The hymn as I originally wrote it consisted of eight verses, but on the recommendation of Sir Henry Baker the fourth stanza—

> And some are pressed with worldly cares,
> And some are tried with sinful doubt:
> And some such grievous passions tear,
> That only Thou canst cast them out

was omitted."

In a second letter dealing with the apparent contradiction between the text on which the hymn was founded—"And at even when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door"—and the opening line of the hymn —"At even ere the sun was set"—Canon Twells thus defends his reading of the Apostles' account of the healing of the sick.

"I should like to point out," he writes, "that there is no contradiction whatever, seeming or otherwise, between the first line and the text at the head. 'At even when the sun did set' (St. Mark) is surely not the same as 'At even when the sun had set.' There is no pluperfect either in the Greek or the English. The plain common sense meaning is that the incident took place at sunset, i.e., during sunset—not after it. If there were any doubt at all about the matter it would be settled by the corresponding passage in St. Luke, 'When the sun was setting.' The hymn merely states that they brought the sick before the sun was absolutely set—the simple fact, if we are to believe the scriptural narrative. There is no sort of discrepancy or shadow of discrepancy between :—

"When the sun did set" (St. Mark).
"When the sun was setting" (St. Luke).
"Ere the sun was set" (Hymn).

All are in perfect accord with the old painters, the glow of the setting sun resting upon the faces of the sick and infirm folk."

The strange idea that there is a contradiction was first started by Prebendary Thring. When compiling his *Church of England Hymn Book* Prebendary Thring wrote to Canon Twells asking for permission to insert "At even," at the same time pointing out to him that the opening line did not exactly coincide with the text on which the hymn was founded. Would the author kindly permit him to change the first line to "At even when the sun did set"? After some correspondence Canon Twells allowed him to make the alteration, though, as the author remarks in the letter quoted, he had never met with any one who agreed with Prebendary Thring as to the necessity.

"Now that the daylight fills the skies" is John Mason Neale's very beautiful translation of a hymn from the Latin, ascribed by many writers to St. Ambrose. It has never been conclusively proved, however, that the famous Milanese bishop was the author, and in the majority of hymnals the hymn is merely stated to be by an anonymous

writer of the fifth century. Though there have been many translations of this morning hymn published—possibly thirty or more—that by Neale is by far the most popular and is to be found in nearly all hymnals published during the last fifty years. In most collections, however, it has been altered more or less by editors (in many cases to its disadvantage) and probably not one hymnal gives the text exactly as Neale wrote it. In Thring's collection the second verse—

> May He restrain our tongues from strife,
> And shield from anger's din our life;
> And guard with watchful care our eyes
> From earth's absorbing vanities,

has been altered by the Editor to—

> Would guard our tongue in every word,
> Lest sounds of angry strife be heard;
> From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
> And close our ears from vanities.

"The day is gently sinking to a close," one of the most beautiful of Christopher Wordsworth's evening hymns, is taken from his *Holy Year*. It was written about 1862 and first printed in leaflet form together with a companion hymn for morning service, "Son of God, Eternal Word."

As my readers are probably aware, these two

hymns, "Son of God, Eternal Word," and "The day is gently sinking to a close," now form the opening hymns to the *Holy Year*. Both compositions are well known in Great Britain and America, though neither has attained that popularity enjoyed by many of Bishop Wordsworth's other hymns.

It is somewhat unfortunate that apparently no hymn by this writer appears to have been preserved in manuscript. In a letter received from his son, dated June 6, 1895, the writer says:

"I am sorry to say that I have no certain recollection, even at the time of their composition (which I do recollect), of seeing the manuscript of my father's hymns. I was so far alive to such matters that I begged for a heap of 'copy' of his 'Commentary' and had it bound. I have some notion that the hymns were originally written on stray pieces of paper, very possibly half in pencil, with corrections, and then copied 'fair' by my mother or sisters for the press. My father was such a prolific writer that in house-movings there was nothing for it but large destruction of copy which had done its work."

In a further letter he says:

"I regret to say that my sister, Mrs. Steedman, tells me that my father destroyed the

MSS. when the hymns came back from the printers. My mother and I laid hands on some manuscript of another of his works, but that was rather later. I am afraid there can be no doubt that the originals of the *Holy Year* are no longer extant. As I have for many years, almost from childhood, been interested in the bibliographical side of my father's works I should almost certainly have found them if they existed."

From another source I learned that Bishop Wordsworth wrote his hymns at all sorts of odd moments and in all sorts of places—in the train, riding, or during a walk. If at night he was unable to sleep he would often get up and compose a few verses. The hymns were written on the backs of envelopes, small scraps of sermon paper, and even on the margin of the book he happened to be reading. He was an extremely rapid writer, but spared no pains in correcting until the composition satisfied him. Between forty and fifty hymns have been taken from the *Holy Year* by various hymnal editors and are now said to be in common use in this country. Bishop Wordsworth died in 1885 at the age of seventy-eight.

The hymnal compositions of the late Canon Bright have been growing in favour year by

year. His beautiful hymn for the close of service, "And now the wants are told that brought," was written in 1865 and published the following year in the author's *Hymns and other Poems.* It soon attracted the attention of Sir Henry Baker, and when the Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* was under discussion he asked Canon Bright for permission to include it, a request which was readily granted. The hymn was originally written in six stanzas, Canon Bright subsequently adding the following Doxology:—

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Canon Bright had strong opinions with regard to the question of "copyright" in hymns. His compositions were always at the service of any one who cared to ask him for them. He averred that if a man wrote a good hymn, a hymn which had that in it which could bring comfort and consolation, the author had no more right to withhold it from the public than a publisher has to "copyright" the Psalms.

Canon Bright was extraordinarily painstaking in regard to his hymnal compositions. Though he frequently wrote spontaneously, he would spend

hours of thought and care in altering and improving a single line. Fortunately, his hymns have escaped alteration and are published in the majority of hymnals pretty much as he wrote them.

Having called Canon Twells over the coals with regard to his "At even ere the sun was set," it was only right that Prebendary Thring should in his turn be brought to book in respect to one of his own compositions. The hymn in question is "The radiant morn hath pass'd away," the second verse of which originally ran :—

> Our life is but a fading dawn,
> Its glorious noon how quickly past;
> Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
> Safe home at last.

A correspondent took the liberty of pointing out to the author the inconsistency of referring to the dawn as "fading," inasmuch as the dawn does not fade, but rather increases in brilliancy. Prebendary Thring, however, had already been struck with a similar idea, and he therefore altered the verse to the following :—

> Our life is but an autumn day,
> Its glorious noon how quickly past;
> Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
> Safe home at last.

Subsequently Prebendary Thring again altered this verse to:—

> Our life is but an autumn sun,
> Its glorious noon how quickly past;
> Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
> Safe home at last.

This last is the author's revised version, and the one he would like to see copied by hymnal editors.

"The radiant morn hath pass'd away" is generally supposed to have been written for use at evening services, but this is not the case. In a letter received from the author a couple of years ago, Prebendary Thring gives the following particulars regarding the hymn and the object for which he wrote it.

"The hymn in question," he writes, "was composed as an 'afternoon' hymn, as in most of the country parishes in that part of Somersetshire in which I lived, the second service was nearly always held in the afternoon, and not in the evening, whilst all the hymns in the hymn books in common use were for the late evening or night. I wrote 'The radiant morn hath pass'd away' to supply this want. Several of my hymns were written in consequence of some want of this kind, felt either by myself or others; but most of

them, I think, though I have never made any calculations, arose almost spontaneously from thoughts that happened to be running in my mind at the time."

Prebendary Thring is the author of several volumes of poems, the most important being his *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics.* This work met with disaster soon after its publication, the whole edition being burnt in a great fire at the publisher's works. The author only discovered the fact of the fire some time afterwards, and then merely by accident — a stranger having written to him asking how he could get a copy, as he had been told by every bookseller to whom he had applied that it was "out of print!"

Prebendary Thring has written a great many hymns, fifty-nine of which appear in his *Church of England Hymn Book.* They have nearly all been written with an "object," and are, with very few exceptions, of great excellence.

"O Jesu, Lord of Heavenly grace" is John Chandler's translation of "Splendor paternae gloriae," by St. Ambrose. The exact date of its composition is uncertain, but the authorship is undoubted. In olden days it is said to have been invariably sung at Matins every Monday. Of the many translations which have been published

John Chandler's has long been the most popular, being found in a large number of English and American hymnals. John Chandler was for many years Vicar of Witley, and devoted much of his time to the translation of Latin hymns. In the preface to his *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, where "O Jesu, Lord of Heavenly Grace" appears next to Bishop Ken's "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," Mr. Chandler thus accounts for the publication of his translations:—

"My attention was a short time ago directed to some translations which appeared from time to time in the *British Magazine*, very beautifully executed, of some hymns extracted from the *Parisian Breviary* with originals annexed. Some, indeed, of the Sapphic and Alcaic and other Horatian metres seem to be of little value; but the rest, of the peculiar hymn-metre, Dimeter Iambics, appear ancient, simple, striking and devotional—in a word, in every way likely to answer our purpose. So I got a copy of the *Parisian Breviary* and one or two other old books of Latin hymns, especially one compiled by Georgius Cassander, printed at Cologne in the year 1556, and regularly applied myself to the work of selection and translation. The result is the collection I now lay before the public. It will be observed that I have admitted

no hymns but what appear to be expressly wanted for the purposes of our Church; my aim in translating them has been to be as simple as possible, thinking it better to be, of the two, rather bald and prosaic than fine and obscure."

II

Advent Hymns

THOSE hymns written specially for the season of Advent are very numerous, and comprise some of the grandest examples of sacred verse in our hymnals. With very few exceptions, however, those which have taken firmest hold of the affections of the Church are translations from the Latin. That greatest of all Advent hymns, the *Dies Irae*, is generally supposed to have been written by Thomas of Celano in the thirteenth century. The number of translations which have been published, though very difficult to estimate, cannot fall far short of 150, and of these some twenty have become more or less familiar.

To Sir Walter Scott we owe what is, with one exception, probably the finest of all translations of the *Dies Irae*—"That day of wrath, that dreadful day." This hymn forms the concluding stanzas of the sixth canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"

and is headed "A Hymn for the Dead." The author leads up to these notable verses in the following lines:—

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song,—
    Dies irae, dies illa,
    Solvet saeclum in favilla;
While the pealing organ rung.
    Were it meet with sacred strain
    To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung:—

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes to clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Scott published his "Lay" in 1805, and within

a very short period this hymn was singled out by compilers and published in various collections. It soon became the most popular of all the translations, and few hymnals published during the last half-century omit it.

Scott himself was a fervent admirer of this great hymn in the original, and is said to have uttered a few lines of it a short while before his death.

Another translation of the *Dies Irae* which equals Scott's in excellence and popularity is "Day of wrath, O day of mourning," by W. J. Irons. It was written under somewhat remarkable circumstances.

It appears that Mr. Irons was in the French capital during the Revolution of 1848 when, among other atrocities committed, the Archbishop of Paris was murdered. Owing to the revolutionary spirit of the people it was many days before the funeral could take place with any degree of safety to the mourners. About a fortnight later a Memorial Service was held in Notre Dame, at which Mr. Irons was present. The Archbishop's heart, which had been severed from his body, was placed in a glass casket and reverently laid on a raised dais in the choir so that all who desired to do so might gaze upon it. As the procession of mourners filed by, casting

BERRYHEAD HOUSE,
The birthplace of "Abide with me."
Photo by Upham, Brixham.

On a pane of glass in this house Harriet Auber wrote "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed."
From a Photo.

looks of mingled terror and affection on the faithful heart which had so recently beat in their interests, the entire congregation sang in muffled tones the *Dies Irae.* As may well be believed the solemnity of the service made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the English clergyman present, and when the congregation had dispersed he returned to his hotel and immediately made his now celebrated translation of the great Latin hymn :—

> Day of Wrath ! O day of mourning !
> See once more the Cross returning,
> Heav'n and earth in ashes burning !"

Dr. William Josiah Irons was born at Hoddesdon—within a short distance of the house in which Harriet Auber wrote "Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd"—in 1812, being the son of Joseph Irons, also a hymnist of some note. After taking his B.A. Degree at Queen's College, Oxford, he took Holy Orders in 1835, and two years later became Incumbent of St. Peter's, Walworth. After filling various livings he became Rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. He died on June 18, 1883.

Dr. Irons wrote a great number of original hymns, but will be longest remembered by his translation of the *Dies Irae.*

"Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes" is one of the few original Advent hymns qualified to be placed among those of the Mediaeval Church. It was written by Philip Doddridge in 1835, and first published ten years later in a Scotch hymnal. It was ten years more before it appeared in England, when it was published in a posthumous volume of hymns by Dr. Doddridge. Very few of Dr. Doddridge's hymns were published prior to his death in 1751. They were first circulated in manuscript, in the author's own clear handwriting, and, the number of copies being necessarily limited, were much prized by the fortunate possessors.

Another hymn by Philip Doddridge, which might very well be regarded as an Advent hymn, is "Ye servants of the Lord," written prior to "Hark the glad sound" and not published until after his death. It is written on the words of St. Luke:—"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching." As a hymn of exhortation it could hardly be surpassed.

Perhaps the most unpopular hymn Doddridge ever wrote was one for early rising. The very object for which the good doctor wrote proved the death blow to the composition, for if there is one

thing more than another to which members of the human race strongly object it is leaving their beds in the small hours. Dr. Doddridge was not unaware of this, and, in order that the hymn should not be entirely wasted, sang it himself. "At five o'clock," says a contemporary writer, "he prepared to leave his bed, repeating five stanzas before doing so; at the sixth he rose and dressed." It is not related how long the doctor lingered over those first five stanzas!

All his life Dr. Doddridge was more or less of an invalid. At his birth he was laid aside as dead, and would have been buried had it not been for the intervention of an affectionate nurse, who refused to believe that the child had been born but to die. He lived for forty-nine years and died at Lisbon from consumption brought on by overwork.

Few hymns have occasioned greater controversy as to their authorship than "Great God, what do I see and hear?" It appears to have been, like "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," the combined work of numerous hymnists and editors. It is closely associated with the great German hymnist, Bartholomäus Ringwaldt, and is said to be a translation of one of his hymns which was published about the year 1556, and frequently

sung in his native country during the Thirty Years' War. This, however, is discredited by most hymnologists, as is also the assumption that it was written by Martin Luther.

No record exists as to the actual authorship of the first verse, which seems to have been published anonymously in 1802 in a small volume of hymns. It was there seen by Dr. Collyer, who included it in a hymnal he was compiling in 1812, adding three stanzas of his own composition. In 1820 it was republished by Thomas Cotterill, considerably altered, though, as in the case of Dr. Collyer, the first verse remained true to the original. From that time onward it has had very little rest, appearing in various forms. Few editors were found obliging enough to leave it alone, and in consequence scarcely two hymnals give it in exactly the same form. One of the last to alter it is Prebendary Thring in his *Church of England Hymn Book*, but he has been more merciful than many others. The tune to which this great Advent hymn is allied is called "Luther," and appeared in Joseph Klug's *Gesangbuch* in 1535.

"Thou art coming, O my Saviour," by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, was written at Winterdyne in 1873. In connexion with this composition it is interesting to recall that it was the first

hymn the author wrote "after her King took her by the hand and led her into the goodly land." In *The Memorials of F. R. H.*, her sister says: "Some time afterwards, in answer to my question when we were talking quietly together, Frances said, 'Yes, it was on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash, and when you *see* you can never *un*see.'" "Thou art coming, O my Saviour" may therefore be regarded as the author's diploma work on being made a member of Christ's elect.

For this hymn Miss Havergal also wrote a special tune, "St. Paul," but when the hymn was included in *Ancient and Modern* Dr. Monk set the words to a fresh melody of his own composition, which he named "Beverley." After the publication of Dr. Monk's setting the authoress discarded her own tune in its favour, always preferring to hear her hymn sung to "Beverley."

Nearly all Miss Havergal's hymns were first written on odd scraps of paper, and afterwards copied into exercise books. The copies, however, hardly differed from the original MSS. so finished and spontaneous were her inspirations. I was privileged to see some of these manuscript books a short time ago, and it was interesting

to note how each hymn had been arranged according to its title, and the whole collection provided with an exhaustive index.

A very fine hymn for Advent service is "Thy kingdom come, O God," written by the Rev. Lewis Hensley in 1867. It is specially suitable for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, and, indeed, was written with the idea of its being sung on that day. Mr. Hensley is another example of a "one-hymn man," for though he has written other compositions of a similar kind, "Thy kingdom come" is the only one which has found favour with hymnal compilers. It has been singularly fortunate in escaping "editorial tinkering," being generally given exactly as the author wrote it. One little alteration, however, may be noted, the third verse as given in Mr. Hensley's manuscript—

> When comes the promised time
> That war shall be no more,
> Oppression, lust, and crime
> Shall flee Thy Face before?

having been changed in most hymnals to—

> When comes the promised time
> That war shall be no more,
> And lust, oppression, crime
> Shall flee Thy Face before?

The change is a small one, and, taken in con-

junction with the verse being in the form of a question, perhaps an improvement.

The hymn was based on the sentence taken from the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come," which, it will be noted, also forms the opening words of the hymn. The very beautiful tune, "St. Cecilia," which was written for this hymn by the Rev. L. G. Hayne, is an especially appropriate one, and has materially helped to sustain the deservedly high reputation which the hymn enjoys.

Mr. Lewis Hensley, who is one of our few living hymnists, is Vicar of Hitchin, in the county of Hertfordshire.

"Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding" is Edward Caswall's translation of the Latin hymn "Vox clara ecce intonat," ascribed by some writers to St. Ambrose. There is, however, considerable doubt with regard to the authorship, and most hymnals content themselves by ascribing it to an anonymous writer.

This hymn has been a favourite one for translation with a great number of hymnists besides Caswall, a very fine rendering being that by Cardinal Newman, beginning, "Hark! a joyful voice is thrilling." Of the many translations, however, that by Caswall has long since been awarded the

first place in public affection, and is to-day found in more hymnals than all the other translations put together.

The somewhat plaintive melody to which it is usually sung, called "Veni Emmanuel," is from an ancient Plain-song, the origin of which is lost in antiquity.

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending" may be said to combine the efforts of two hymnists and one editor—Cennick, Charles Wesley and Madan. This celebrated Advent hymn made its first appearance in printed form in Cennick's *Collection of Sacred Hymns*, published in 1752, the opening verse reading—

> Lo! He cometh, countless trumpets
> Blow before His bloody sign!
> 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
> See the Crucified shine.
> Allelujah!
> Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

In 1758 Charles Wesley published a small pamphlet containing forty hymns. In this little book Cennick's hymn was included, altered by Charles Wesley to the now familiar—

> Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
> Once for favour'd sinners slain;
> Thousand thousand Saints attending,

Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

Two years later M. Madan again published it, giving portions by Cennick and portions by Wesley, with additions and alterations of his own. It is in this form that the hymn now appears in modern hymnals.

John Cennick was the author of a large number of hymns, of which a fair percentage are sung to-day. He was born at Reading in 1718, and was educated with the intention of his following the profession of a surveyor. At the early age of twenty-one, however, he came under the influence of the Wesleys, who persuaded him to leave the Church of England and assist them in their work. In 1840 he became a teacher at Kingswood, on the recommendation of John Wesley, his pupils for the most part consisting of the children of colliers. Shortly after his appointment, however, he left the Wesleys and joined George Whitefield. For a few years he worked under this leader, but again becoming restless, left him to join the Moravians. Much of his time he spent in Germany, where his preaching attracted many followers. He died in 1755 at the early age of thirty-seven.

Besides "Lo! He comes," and several other very fine hymns, Cennick was the author of the Graces "Be present at our table, Lord," and "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," which one occasionally hears even in these degenerate days, when "Grace" appears to be becoming more and more a custom of the past.

The tune with which "Lo! He comes with clouds descending" is inseparably associated, known as "Helmsley" or "Olivers," appears to have had as many vicissitudes as the hymn itself. In Grove's *Dictionary of Music* a writer says—

"The story runs that Thomas Olivers, the friend of John Wesley, was attracted by the tune which he heard whistled in the street, and that from it he formed the melody to which were adapted the words of Cennick and Wesley's Advent hymn. The tune heard by Olivers is commonly said to have been a hornpipe danced by Miss Catley in the 'Golden Pippin,' a burlesque by Kate O'Hara, but this seems inconsistent with chronology. The hymn tune appeared first, as a melody only, in the second edition of Wesley's *Select Hymns with Tunes Annexed*, 1765, under the name of 'Olivers.' In 1769 an improved version, in three parts, was published by the Rev. Martin Madan in *Hymns and Psalm Tunes*. It is there called

'Helmsley,' and under that name became widely popular. But at this time the 'Golden Pippin' was not even in existence. O'Keefe, who possessed the original manuscript, tells in his *Recollections* that it was dated 1771. The burlesque, in three acts, was produced at Covent Garden in 1773. It failed at first, but obtained some success when altered and abridged. The source from whence 'Olivers' was derived seems to have been a concert-room song commencing 'Guardian angels, now protect me,' the music of which probably originated in Dublin, where it was sung by a Mr. Mahone, and no doubt also by Miss Catley, who resided in the Irish capital in 1750. The melody of 'Guardian angels' was not in the 'Golden Pippin' as originally written, but, adapted to the words of the burlesque, was introduced into it in 1776 in the place of a song by Giordani, and was sung by Miss Catley in the character of Juno. The published score of the 'Golden Pippin' does not contain any horn-pipe, but such a dance may have been interpolated in the action of the piece."

The writer concludes by saying: "In 1765, when 'Olivers' was published, Miss Catley was in Ireland and did not return to London until five years afterwards, and, seeing that the hornpipe was

not of earlier date than the 'Golden Pippin,' it seems to follow that instead of the hymn tune having been derived from the hornpipe, the latter was actually constructed from the hymn tune, which by that time had become a great favourite." This recollection may help to console us when next we sing, "Lo! He comes with clouds descending."

The late Rev. Canon Tuttiett has written many hymns for special occasions, his Advent hymn, "O quickly come, dread Judge of all" being remarkably fine. It is based on the words "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus Christ." In some respects it is not unlike a translation of the *Dies Irae.* It was written in 1854 while Mr. Tuttiett was Vicar of Lea Marston, and was one of the first hymns the author ever wrote. Indeed, it was always something of a surprise to the hymnist that its success was so much greater than many of the compositions he wrote in later life, when, it may be supposed, he had gained experience regarding the kind of hymns likely to prove most attractive.

"O quickly come, dread Judge of all" was published in the author's *Hymns for Churchmen*, after which it passed into the first Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and from thence

into numerous hymnals both in Great Britain and America. It has been translated into several languages, including the Latin, and is probably the most popular of all Canon Tuttiett's compositions.

Soon after its publication it was seen by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, who wrote for it that very beautiful and solemn air which he christened "Veni cito."

Canon Tuttiett was born at the little village of Colyton, in Devon, in 1825, his father being a surgeon in the Royal Navy. It was intended that he should also follow the profession of a doctor, but in 1848 he abandoned this intention in favour of the Church. While acting as curate in the Isle of Wight his preaching attracted the attention of Lord Norton, who, in 1854, presented him with the living of Lea Marston, which he filled for sixteen years. Lord Norton used to affirm that Mr. Tuttiett's preaching equalled that of Bishop Wilberforce. In 1870 he became Incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. Andrew's, and ten years later was preferred to a Canonry in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Canon Tuttiett remained at St. Andrew's until 1893, when owing to ill-health he was obliged to resign.

III

Christmas Hymns

IF a general consensus of opinion were taken as to which is the most popular of all Christmas hymns the result would probably be in favour of "Hark! the herald-angels sing." This famous hymn was first published by Charles Wesley in 1739, when it began "Hark! how all the welkin rings." From that date it has appeared in various hymnals with alterations by various editors. In one version, indeed, the opening stanza contained but a single word to be found in the original, that word being the exclamatory "Hark." As first published this hymn consisted of ten stanzas of four lines each, but was subsequently reduced to eight, then to six, and, finally, to three extended stanzas of eight lines each, with the refrain—

"Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King."

Apparently no manuscript of this hymn exists, though Mr. Kelly, the Book Steward at the Wesleyan Conference Office, thinks otherwise. One day he hopes to make a systematic search among the many hundreds of Charles Wesley's manuscripts now under his care, when he feels confident the original of "Hark! the herald-angels sing" will come to light.

It is rather curious that these hymnal manuscripts of Charles Wesley have only been discovered within comparatively recent years. The story of how they were found is an interesting one. It appears that soon after Mr. Kelly was appointed Book Steward he was going on a tour of inspection through the cellars of No. 2, Castle Street, when he came to a small underground room which was boarded up. On having the barricade removed it was discovered that the compartment contained many things of interest connected with the Wesleys, not the least important being some fourteen volumes of manuscript hymns in the handwritings of Charles, John, and Samuel Wesley. Together with these volumes were numerous loose sheets of paper, on which the celebrated hymnists had written the first drafts of their compositions before copying them "fair" into the bound volumes. These loose

sheets are extremely interesting, as they contain numerous corrections which convey some idea of what the first impressions of the hymnists really were.

Charles Wesley composed his hymns at all times of the day and night, never knowing when a fine line or verse would strike him. In order that these ideas should not be lost, he was in the habit of carrying about with him a set of tablets on which many of his hymns were written. He would then copy out these rough notes on a sheet of quarto paper, correct and finally copy "fair" into a manuscript book. Charles wrote a beautifully clear hand, bold, and, as was his character, fearless and straightforward.

"Hark! the herald-angels sing" is said to be found in more hymnals than any other of Charles Wesley's compositions, not even excepting "Jesu, Lover of my soul." It has been translated into numerous languages and dialects, and is as familiar to the converted natives of China and Africa as it is to the church-going population of our own country.

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn" has been a favourite Christmas hymn for the last 150 years or more. It was written in 1745, and the story of its composition is a pretty one. John

Byrom, the author, had several children, but, like many another father, he had his "favourite." This child was a little girl named "Dolly," who afterwards became Mrs. Dorothy Byrom. A few days prior to Christmas, 1745, Mr. Byrom, after having had a romp with the favoured Dolly, promised to write her something for Christmas Day. It was to be written specially for herself, and no one else. The child, highly honoured and delighted, did not fail to remind her father of his promise each day as Christmas drew nearer. On the morning of the great day, when she ran down to breakfast, she found several presents waiting for her. Among these was an envelope addressed to her in her father's handwriting. It was the first thing she opened, and, to her great delight, proved to be a Christmas carol addressed to her, and to her alone:—

Christians awake, salute the happy Morn
Whereon the Saviour of the World was born

In the original the MS. is headed "Christmas Day for Dolly." This very document is now preserved in the archives of Cheetham's Hospital, Manchester, and, though a little creased and crumpled, probably from being carried about in

Miss Dolly's pocket, is in an excellent state of preservation. After remaining in the Byrom family for close upon a century it passed into the possession of James Crossby, at one time honorary Librarian to Cheetham's Hospital, and at his death was purchased by the authorities of that institution.

The carol—it is perhaps more a carol than a hymn—was first published in 1746 in Harrop's *Manchester Mercury*, where it soon attracted the attention of hymnists and others. Soon after the publication of the carol it was seen by the organist of the parish church (now the pro-cathedral), a clever musician called John Wainwright, and a composer of some note. He was struck by the words, and wrote for them the beautiful and popular setting known as "Stockport" or "Wainwright," to which they have ever since been sung. The composer sent a copy of the tune to the author of the hymn, who was delighted with its appropriateness, and this introduction began a friendship between the two men which was only broken by death.

John Byrom had a chequered career. In a letter received some time ago from Cheetham's Hospital, Mr. W. E. A. Axon, of Manchester, thus writes of him—

"He was born in Kelsal in 1691. His father, a linen draper of Manchester, sent him to Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. and became a Fellow of Trinity College; but, declining to take Orders, he resigned this provision, and soon after married his cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Byrom, against the consent of both families. Being without a profession, and pressed by the *res angusta domi*, he repaired to the metropolis, and supported himself by teaching shorthand, of which he had invented the best system then before the public. In 1723 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year succeeded, by the death of his elder brother, to the family estates, when he returned to Manchester, where he remained till his death in 1763."

Byrom's early boyhood was passed at the King's School, Chester, a fact of which Cestrians are not a little proud, for though the old school can boast a goodly list of famous men whose education has been carried on within its walls, the author of "Christians, awake" will not be the first forgotten.

To the library which now contains most of his MSS. John Byrom was a frequent visitor, and numerous are the hymns which he wrote for the Cheetham Hospital boys. In a letter to Thyer,

the then librarian, he says he preferred that employment to being Laureate to Frederick II., who was then occupied in the Seven Years' War.

The portrait of this hymnist, ugly at first sight, but kindly and good-humoured on closer examination, is from a print contained in the College "Scrap-book." It is said to have been executed by a friend.

Only one other hymn by Byrom has come into general use, and is to be met with in our hymnals. It is a tender little composition and somewhat original. The manner in which the last line of one verse forms the first line of the following verse is quaint and effective. As it is short, consisting of four stanzas only, I quote it—

My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a guest:

Of so Divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee:

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

This little hymn deserves to be far better known than it is at present.

"As with gladness men of old," though, strictly speaking, an Epiphany hymn, is frequently sung at Christmas, and therefore no apology is needed for giving it a place under this chapter. It was written by the late Mr. William Chatterton Dix about the year 1860. In a letter received from the author shortly before his lamented death in 1900, Mr. Dix informed me that there was little of interest to record respecting its composition. He was unwell at the time, slowly recovering from a rather serious illness. One evening, when he felt somewhat stronger than he had for several days, the lines of the now well-known hymn gradually formed themselves in his brain, and, asking for writing materials, he committed them to paper. The following year it was published in a small hymnal, which had a very limited circulation. From thence it made its way into more popular collections, and to-day its reputation has become world-wide. The late Lord Selborne, who was a great admirer of Mr. Chatterton Dix's hymns, considered

"As with gladness men of old" one of the finest compositions of the kind in the language.

The wonderfully appropriate melody to which this hymn is invariably sung was composed by Conrad Kocher in 1838. This tune was first connected with Mr. Dix's hymn in *Ancient and Modern* and will now probably always be associated with it. It has been suggested that Mr. Chatterton Dix wrote the hymn to fit the music, but this is not the case.

"While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night" has for a hundred and fifty years or more been the standard carol of the "Waits" at Christmas time. It was written by Nahum Tate some time near the close of the seventeenth century, and first published in Tate and Brady's *Psalter*, 1702. There is little doubt that this hymn was the work of Tate alone, though in some hymnals it is ascribed to these writers jointly.

Nahum Tate was an Irishman, and born in Dublin in 1652. He was educated at Trinity College and at an early age became Poet Laureate. He collaborated with Brady in producing in 1696 *A New Version of the Psalms of David.* The different hymns in this volume were written to certain tunes already familiar in the churches, and though the book was subjected

to a good deal of adverse criticism it soon began to be used in a considerable number of churches. How the work was divided between the two, what portion one wrote and what the other, will never be known, and therefore those versions of the Psalms which have passed from this work into our hymnals—"Through all the changing scenes of life," "As pants the hart for cooling streams," etc., have come to be regarded as by Tate *and* Brady. One of the few hymns conclusively proved to be by Tate alone is "While shepherds watch'd." After leading anything but a temperate life, Tate died in London at the age of sixty-three.

"O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant" is Canon Oakeley's translation of the *Adeste Fideles*. It is by far the most popular version we have, and was first published in 1852. It soon became one of the foremost hymns for Christmas and is now to be found in nearly all hymnals published during the last forty years. Translations of Canon Oakeley's version have been published in the languages of nearly all countries where missions have penetrated, and the hymn is a general favourite among the Malays and Dyaks. In most cases the translator has adhered to the original metre so that the music to which the translation is sung is the same

as that with which we are all familiar—*Adeste Fideles.*

This is not the only translation of this hymn made by Canon Oakeley. When he was Incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel in 1841 he made another and an earlier one beginning "Ye faithful, approach ye." This, however, was written exclusively for his own congregation, amongst whom it was distributed in manuscript. Many years afterwards, however, it appeared in one or two collections, though it has never gained much favour with hymnal editors. Indeed, Canon Oakeley may be said to have himself cast in the shade his first translation by the brilliancy of his second.

Canon Oakeley is but one of many celebrated hymnists who have left the Church of England in order to enter the Church of Rome. He was born in 1802 and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, taking Holy Orders in 1828. After becoming a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral he was in 1839 made Incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel, London. Here he remained for six years, but in 1845 the great change of his life came and he seceded to the Church of Rome. For many years he worked among the poor of Westminster, leading an uneventful but exemplary life. He died in 1880 at the age of seventy-eight.

Among the many other translations of the *Adeste Fideles*, which have been published during the last fifty years or so, the only one which comes into competition with Canon Oakeley's in the matter of public favour is by the Rev. William Mercer, beginning with the same line, "O come, all ye faithful." It was written later than Canon Oakeley's version, and the two translations are not dissimilar. In order that readers may compare the two, I give the first verse of Mr. Mercer's translation; that by Canon Oakeley will be found in any ordinary modern hymnal—

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant.
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Apart from his translation of the *Adeste Fideles*, Mr. Mercer is little known as a hymn writer. He gained great reputation, however, as an editor, his *Church Psalter and Hymn-book* being at one time the most popular collection in the language. He was for many years Vicar of St. George's, Sheffield, where he died in 1873 at the age of sixty-two.

A Christmas hymn, which is immensely popular in America, and growing in favour in England, is

"It came upon the midnight clear." It is the work of an American writer, and was written in 1849. It was sent to the editor of the *Christian Register*, and first appeared in that magazine early in 1850. From thence it passed into various American hymnals, and soon made its way to England. The author, Edmund Hamilton Sears, has also written another hymn for Christmas, which is gaining in popularity in this country. Though not as perfect a composition as "It came upon the midnight clear," this hymn, beginning, "Calm on the listening ear of night," is a very beautiful Christmas hymn, and deserves to be more widely used. Mr. Sears was pastor of various churches in America, and died at Weston, Massachusetts, in 1876.

"From heaven above to earth I come" is Miss Catherine Winkworth's translation of Martin Luther's celebrated Christmas hymn. It was written specially for his little son, Hans, when the child was five years old, during the latter part of 1531, but not published until four years later. No man observed Christmas with more punctiliousness than did Martin Luther, and he educated his children to regard the season with similar veneration.

On every Christmas Eve a festival took place

in Martin Luther's house, and it was for the children's use at these festivals that "From heaven above to earth I come" was written. Luther himself was on these occasions the master of the ceremonies, and for many days before Christmas he conducted rehearsals, training his children to sing the carol perfectly when the festival night came. The first seven verses of the hymn were always sung by a man dressed as an angel. When he had finished, the children greeted him with the remaining verses, beginning—

> Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
> Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
> Thou com'st to share our misery;
> What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

In early editions of Luther's *Hymnal* this hymn is headed "Children's Song from the Second Chapter of St. Luke. Drawn up by Dr. M. L." It is still sung from the dome of the Kreuzkirche in Dresden before daybreak on Christmas morning.

The tune to which this hymn is usually sung is also ascribed to Martin Luther, but whether he really wrote it or not it is difficult to say.

"Of the Father's love begotten" is a translation of a portion of a poem by Prudentius, written in the fifth century. This poem, which is of con-

siderable length, deals with the miracles of Christ, and has long been a favourite with translators. By far the most popular version, however, is that beginning "Of the Father's love begotten," which first appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* It is the combined work of John Mason Neale and Sir Henry Baker. The manner in which the two hymnists made their translation is interesting, Each translated the hymn independently, afterwards comparing the translations. The best verses were then chosen from each translation, and thus the hymn was built up. Each freely criticised the other's work, the result being a very fine hymn. I might mention that Neale had the honour of contributing the first verse. Of the entire hymn, Neale contributed five stanzas, and Baker four. It is usually sung to a very beautiful Plainsong, "Corde natus," so called from the first two words of the original Latin.

A hymn which should by rights be included in a section devoted to the season of Epiphany, is Bishop Heber's :—

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,—
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

It is, however, becoming year by year more

1 THE REV. T. J. POTTER.
From a Photo.

2 MRS. M. F. MAUDE.
From a Photo.

3 THE VERY REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.
From a Photo.

often sung at Christmas, and I therefore give it a place in this chapter. This hymn was first published in a weekly paper called the *Christian Observer*, in 1811. It did not, however, make its appearance in any hymnal until after Heber's death, when it was published in a collection of his own hymns. It has gradually made its way in public favour until to-day it is side by side with the same author's "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," in point of popularity. Curiously enough it has not yet been included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

The manuscript of this hymn will be found in a small collection of hymns compiled by Bishop Heber, now deposited in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. This collection, all the hymns of which are written in Bishop Heber's wonderfully clear handwriting, consists of two volumes made up of a couple of ordinary twopenny exercise books, which possibly belonged to one of his own children, for the backs are scribbled all over with problems in Euclid.

This MS. collection of hymns, made by Heber after seeing the Olney hymns, of which he was a great admirer, belonged to Dean Milman, having been presented to him by his friend

the Bishop. There were no hymns Heber admired more than Dean Milman's, and the collection contains several by the latter hymnist. After remaining for many years in Dean Milman's family, it was presented to the British Museum.

The most successful Christmas hymn which James Montgomery ever wrote was "Angels from the realms of glory," which first appeared, like many others of his composition, in a Sheffield newspaper called the *Iris*, of which he was both owner and editor. It was printed in the Christmas Eve number for the year 1816, and attracted no more notice at the time than any other contribution in the paper. For many years it remained practically unknown, appearing in no hymnal of note until 1825, when the author republished it in his *Christian Psalmist*. After that date it began to find its way into numerous hymnals, both British and American, and to-day it ranks with the best of his compositions.

Montgomery is the author of between 400 and 500 hymns, many of which are worthy to rank with the very best of Watts, Wesley, Cowper, and Doddridge. His hymns were first circulated in manuscript, and a great number of these interesting documents have been preserved. He usually wrote on half sheets of writing paper, and each

composition bore at the foot the date when it was written, and his signature. Though some of his hymns came spontaneously, he corrected a good deal; and even after publication he could seldom resist making further alterations when fresh editions were needed. He was extremely self-critical, and was as hard on his own compositions as those of other writers. A man of sterling qualities, his character was as devotional, simple and refined as his hymns. He passed away in his sleep in 1854, his funeral taking place with full public honours at Sheffield.

"Waken, Christian children" is a Christmas hymn which I cannot omit from mention in this little volume. It was written when the author, Samuel Collingwood Hamerton, was barely twenty years of age. It appeared first of all, I believe, in a magazine and was afterwards republished in a small book of carols in 1872—the year the author died. It was based on the text: "They saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and worshipped Him: and they presented unto Him gifts." This hymn, or carol, as the author called it, is specially suited to children by reason of the following verses—

Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring

Gold, or myrrh, or incense
  Fitting for a King.

Gifts He asketh richer,
  Offerings costlier still;
Yet may Christian children
  Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels
  Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
  Infant purity.

Mr. Hamerton was for many years Vicar of St. Paul's, Warwick, where he died on January 6, 1872, in the fortieth year of his age. "Waken, Christian children" is the only hymn by Mr. Hamerton to be found in our hymnals. The music to which it is allied is also by the author—a simple melody admirably fitting the words.

Dean Farrar has not written a great number of hymns, in fact they might all be counted on the fingers of one hand, but he is the author of several carols, at least one of which should be in every hymnal. I refer to his:—

In the fields with their flocks abiding
They lay on the dewy ground,

of which the following is the first verse—

In the field with their flocks abiding,
  They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimm'ring under the starlight
  The sheep lay white around,
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
  And lo! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory,
  And sang his song of love;
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
  The song that shall never cease—
Glory to God in the highest,
  On earth good-will and peace.

This carol, Dean Farrar tells me, was written while he was an assistant master at Harrow School. It was composed expressly for the boys there, and was frequently sung in the chapel. It has been very effectively set to music by Mr. John Farmer in his "Christ and His Soldiers."

Dean Farrar is also the author of "Father, before Thy throne of light" and "God the Father, great and holy," two hymns of great merit, which are not in as many hymnals as they might be.

I cannot bring this chapter to a conclusion without quoting a little story relating to a Christmas carol sung in the olden days, which I came across while making researches in the British Museum. It is told in "Pasquil's Book of Jests" and headed "A Merrie Carroll sung by Women."

"There was sometime an olde knight," relates

the chronicler, " who, being disposed to make himselfe merrie in a Christmas time, sent for many of his tenants and poore neighbours with their wives to dinner ; when, having made meat to be set on the table, would suffer no man to drinke until he that was master ouer his wife should sing a carroll to excuse all the company. Muche niceness there was who should be the musician, yet with muche adoe, looking one upon the other, with a dry hemme or two, a dreamy companion drew out as muche as he durst towards an old fashioned-ditty, when, having made an end, to the great comfort of the listeners, at last it came to the women's table, where likewise commandment was given that there should no drinke be touched until she that was master ouer her husband had sung a Christmas carroll, whereupon they all fell to such a singing that there was never heard such a catterwalling peece of musicke, whereat the knight laughed so heartilly that it did him as muche good as a corner of his Christmas pie."

IV

Hymns Suitable for the New Year

IT is somewhat remarkable that the number of hymns specially composed for the New Year should constitute the smallest section of our hymnals; yet so it is. I shall, therefore, make no apology for including in this chapter many hymns which, while not written specially for this season of the year, are regarded by the majority of hymnologists as more or less suited for congregational singing on New Year's Day.

"Our God, our help in ages past," or, as it is given in most hymnals, "O God, our help in ages past," is particularly suited for the New Year, forcing upon us, as it does, the remembrance that earthly life is, at best, but short. The hymn is a paraphrase of the 90th Psalm and was first published by Dr. Watts in his *Psalms of David* in 1719. Of all Isaac Watts' compositions this is, perhaps, the finest, outrivalling even his "When I survey the wondrous Cross."

Whatever hymns of Dr. Watts may cease to be sung, "O God, our help in ages past" will live so long as the Church endures. In the original it consisted of nine verses, but these have long since been reduced to six. It was Charles Wesley who changed the opening line to "O God, our help in ages past," besides making many other alterations.

Dr. Watts is rightly looked upon as the founder of English hymnody. He composed many of his hymns "to order," which probably accounts for a great number of them being very poor stuff. For two years he is said to have written a new hymn every week, the majority of which were sung in the church in Southampton where he was accustomed to worship. A story is told that one day Watts complained to one of the deacons respecting the poorness of the hymns which were then in use, and that the deacon, rather nettled at the remark, ironically suggested that he should write something better himself. Watts, not at all offended, decided to do so, and the following Sunday arrived with his first hymn, which was sung by the congregation, being repeated after the clergyman. This hymn was "Behold the glories of the Lamb," and was so favourably received that the author was requested to write another for the following

Sunday. It was in this way that Dr. Watts' reputation as a hymnist began.

The tune to which "O God, our help in ages past" is almost universally sung, known as "St. Anne," was in existence some thirty years before the hymn was written, and first appeared in *Barber's Psalm Tunes* 1687, the composition being ascribed to "Mr. Denby." It is not at all improbable, therefore, that the hymn was sung to this same tune in the days when Watts himself joined in the singing of his own compositions.

Probably the greatest favourite of all hymns specially written for New Year's Day, and the one which is most often sung on that occasion, is the late Canon Tuttiett's "Father, let me dedicate." It is a hymn full of promise and hope for the coming year. In America it is equally popular, being invariably sung at every New Year's service, both in chapel and church. The American versions, however, nearly all begin with "Father, here we dedicate," and the number of alterations are remarkable. The final verse in some hymnals has been altered from the original to—

If we must in grief and loss
Thy behest obey,
If beneath the shadowy Cross
Lies our homeward way;

We will think what Thy dear Son
Once for us became,
And repeat till life is done,
Glorify Thy Name.

It is interesting to note that in this verse the only line which adheres to the original is the last—"Glorify Thy Name."

This hymn was written sometime during the year 1864, while Mr. Tuttiett was Vicar of Lea Marston, in Warwickshire. In a letter received from the author in 1895, Canon Tuttiett tells me that there is no particular incident connected with the writing of this hymn. The author had been struck for some time by the fact that hymns for New Year's Day were particularly scarce, and he therefore determined to try if he could supply what he felt was a very evident want. "Father, let me dedicate" was the result.

A very beautiful hymn, written specially for the Old and the New Year, is Horatius Bonar's "A few more years shall roll." This hymn was composed while Mr. Bonar was superintendent of the Sunday School attached to the Church of St. James', Leith. It was one of the first he ever wrote, and was composed expressly for his Sunday School scholars.

Dr. Bonar wrote his hymns at odd times and

under various circumstances. The Rev. R. H. Lundie, an intimate friend of the late hymnist, said in a memorial service preached at Grange, Edinburgh :—" His hymns were written in very varied circumstances, sometimes timed by the tinkling brook that babbled near him; sometimes attuned to the ordered tramp of the ocean, whose crested waves broke on the beach by which he wandered; sometimes set to the rude music of the railway train that hurried him to the scene of duty; sometimes measured by the silent rhythm of the midnight stars that shone above him."

" A few more years shall roll " was first printed in the form of a leaflet, and distributed among the congregation of St. James', Leith. Here it was sung for the first time on New Year's Day, 1843, only a few months before the author left the Established Church to become a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. The following year Dr. Bonar published it in his *Songs for the Wilderness*, after which it appeared in several hymnals, ultimately becoming one of the most widely sung of all Dr. Bonar's hymns. The appropriate music to which it is set was the work of the Rev. L. G. Hayne.

" Days and moments quickly flying " is one of

the few original hymns by the late Edward Caswall which have gained any great hold on the affections of our own Church. It was specially composed for use at "Watch-night" services on New Year's Eve or the day following. Like a great number of Mr. Caswall's other hymns, this composition was written after the author had seceded to the Church of Rome, and while he was at the Oratory, Edgbaston. It was first published in his *Masque of Mary and other Poems* in 1858, and rapidly made its way into public favour with Protestants as well as Roman Catholics.

"Days and moments quickly flying" appears in various hymnals in various forms. Caswall is the author of four stanzas only, the concluding stanza as given in *Hymns Acient and Modern*—

> Whence we came, and whither wending;
> Soon we must through darkness go,
> To inherit bliss unending,
> Or eternity of woe.

being by the compilers of that popular hymnal.

In the *Church Hymnary* the hymn is given in an extended form and divided into two portions, each part concluding with the following somewhat curious stanza—

Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear,—
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

This hymn is sometimes also sung as a funeral hymn. The exquisite melody to which it is allied is by Dr. J. B. Dykes—one of the most successful of his many beautiful compositions.

A hymn suitable for the New Year, though originally written for Advent, is Charles Wesley's "Thou Judge of quick and dead." It is by no means as often sung to-day as it was in Wesley's time, containing as it does verses of a rather terrible nature. A hundred and fifty years ago congregations gloried in such verses as—

The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!

but since then opinions have changed and we have come to regard the Great Judge of all as merciful rather than severe.

This hymn appears in the MS. volumes left behind by Charles Wesley. The copy is a "fair"

one and contains no corrections. In John Wesley's *Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists* this hymn is given, as originally written, in four stanzas of eight lines each, but in many collections it is broken up into eight verses of four lines. The final verse is one of the finest Charles Wesley ever wrote :—

O may we thus be found
  Obedient to His Word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound
  And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus ensure
  A lot among the blest ;
And watch a moment to secure
  An everlasting rest.

A hymn by the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, which was specially written for New Year's Day, and which is becoming year by year more universally sung, is "Jesus, blessèd Saviour," written at Leamington in November, 1872. This hymn was originally intended for children ; but after it was written Miss Havergal, thinking that it was perhaps quite as suitable for grown-up people as for little folk, scored through the words "For the little ones," and it now appears among those hymns specially devoted to the New Year, and may be sung with equal appropriateness by either children or adults.

The MS. of this hymn was found loose in a volume of the late Miss Havergal's hymns, together with others which are equally well known. It was written without difficulty, the lines being conceived almost as quickly as the authoress could write them down. There are very few corrections in the original manuscript, and the hymn as given in the majority of collections is exactly as the authoress wrote it. In this respect Miss Havergal was more fortunate than a great number of writers. On more than one occasion, however, she was asked by hymnal editors if she had any objection to a line being altered. She was very quick to acknowledge an improvement, and when an alteration helped to make a verse clearer or more direct in its meaning she cheerfully consented to its being made.

"Jesus, blessèd Saviour" is based on the words "Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel," and was written to a melody of German origin which was a great favourite with the authoress.

"The year is gone beyond recall" is the Rev. Francis Pott's translation of a Latin hymn, the author of which is unknown. It is one of the most widely known of all New Year's hymns and is a great favourite in France and other European

countries. The version as given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has been a good deal altered by the compilers from Mr. Pott's original translation, and the following Doxology added—

All glory to the Father be,
  All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
  While endless ages run.

This Doxology is also used at the conclusion of several other hymns.

Though Mr. Pott is the author of several original hymns it is as a translator that he is most widely known.

V

Hymns on the Passion

IT is only natural, perhaps, that those hymns which have been written commemorative of the death of our Lord should be among the saddest in our hymnals. Many of them have taken their place with the finest examples of religious verse in the language, and have gained for their authors names which will be forgotten only when hymns cease to be sung.

In this chapter I shall not only refer to those hymns which have been specially written on the Passion, but also to several which are more or less suited to that season. Among these latter may be mentioned Cardinal Newman's "Praise to the Holiest in the height," which was written in 1865 and formed part of a long poem entitled "The Dream of Gerontius."

This poem, as my readers are probably aware,

is descriptive of the journey of a soul to Paradise, and the many hymns introduced are supposed to be sung by different choirs of Angelicals. As the soul is conducted into the presence chamber of the Emmanuel, the "Fifth Choir of Angelicals" sing the magnificent lines which have now been incorporated into our hymnals:—

> Praise to the Holiest in the height,
> And in the depth be praise;
> In all His words most wonderful,
> Most sure in all His ways.

Newman himself thought little of the poem at the time of writing it. Three years after its composition the editor of a religious magazine wrote to the cardinal asking him to contribute "something" to his paper. He was just about to write and decline when he bethought himself of the "Dream," and sent it. The composition was published and immediately attracted attention, though it never became really popular. The same year that saw its publication the compilers of one of our most popular hymnals requested permission to insert the hymn, as sung by the "Fifth Choir of Angelicals," to their appendix. This the cardinal readily granted, and Dr. Dykes wrote for it the very fine tune entitled "Gerontius," to which it is now invariably sung. As in the case of "Lead,

kindly light," Cardinal Newman used to protest that the melody had a good deal to do with the popularity of the hymn.

There is no difference between "Praise to the Holiest in the height" as it appears in the "Dream" and in the hymnals, for Cardinal Newman never permitted compilers to tamper with or "improve" his compositions, preferring rather that they should be omitted altogether. The cutting words he is reported to have uttered regarding the editor who added a fourth verse to his "Lead, kindly light" may be remembered.

Some years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was asked to name his favourite hymns, he replied that he scarcely knew whether he had a "favourite" or not, and then, on the impulse of the moment, he mentioned "Lead, kindly light" and "Rock of Ages." On his deathbed, however, the great statesman found his greatest consolation and strength in "Praise to the Holiest in the height," and in a touching sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral during Mr. Gladstone's last illness, Canon Scott Holland referred to the late Premier as "spending his life in benediction to those whom he leaves behind in this world, and in thanksgiving to God, to whom he rehearses over and over again, day after day, Newman's hymn of

austere and splendid adoration, 'Praise to the Holiest in the height.'"

The names of Gladstone and Gordon will long be linked together, and it is strange as it is touching to recall the fact that when all hope had been abandoned, the hero of Khartoum fortified himself for death with the very words which were the comfort and consolation of Mr. Gladstone during his last days on earth:—

O Generous Love! that He who smote
  In man for man the foe!
The double agony in man
  For man should undergo.

A hymn specially written for Passiontide, to which is attached a double interest from the fact that the words and music are by brother and sister, is:—

And now, belovèd Lord, Thy Soul resigning
  Into Thy Father's arms with conscious Will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy Head inclining,
  The throbbing Brow and labouring Breast grow still.

This hymn was written in 1868 by Mrs. Eliza Sibbald Alderson, sister to the late Dr. Dykes. In a letter received from a relative of Mrs. Alderson's, I learn that the hymn was written at her brother's request, who used to affirm that his sister had unusual powers as a hymnist. After it was written

Mrs. Alderson handed a copy of the hymn to Dr. Dykes, who composed for it the well-known tune "Commendatio."

In the original this hymn consists of six verses, but many collections omit the following stanzas :—

O love ! o'er mortal agony victorious,
  Now is Thy triumph ! now that Cross shall shine
To earth's remotest age revered and glorious,
  Of suffering's deepest mystery the sign.

The present, past, and future here are blending,
  Moment supreme in this world's history,
Mid darkness, opening graves, and mountains rending,
  New light is dawning on humanity.

This is the best known of all Mrs. Alderson's hymns, and appears in a great number of collections. There are, however, several others of her hymns for which Dr. Dykes wrote special tunes, the most popular being that for "Almsgiving," "Lord of Glory, who hast bought us."

Mrs. Alderson's husband was for many years chaplain to the West Riding House of Correction in Wakefield, and it was here that the greater number of Mrs. Alderson's hymns were written.

The most popular hymn in the English language, according to a general consensus of opinions, is "Rock of ages, cleft for me," which is essentially a hymn for Passiontide. It was written, as all

the world knows, by the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, sometime curate-in-charge of the parish of Blagdon, on the Mendips, about eight miles from Wells. In an interesting letter published some time ago in the *Times*, Sir William Henry Wills says: "Toplady was one day overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm in Burrington Coombe, on the edge of my property (Blagdon), a rocky glen running up into the heart of the Mendip range, and there, taking shelter between two massive pillars of our native limestone, he penned the hymn:—

> Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

Whether this story has a greater claim to credence than many others which naturally grow around world-known compositions, I cannot say, but I fear that it must be relegated to the same category as the story sometimes told regarding the sea-bird and "Jesu, Lover of my soul." So far as the history of its composition can be traced, it appears to have been written spontaneously, sent to the *Gospel Magazine*, where it first appeared in 1775, and afterwards republished in Toplady's collection of hymns. It was written only three years before the author's early death, which occurred on August 11, 1778.

"Rock of Ages" was the hymn which the late Prince Consort asked to be sung to him a few hours before his death, and in his very interesting little volume entitled *Hymns that have Helped*, Mr. W. T. Stead tells us that "when the *London* went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages."

A missionary who returned from India the other day tells rather an amusing incident in connection with "Rock of Ages." He complained of the slow progress made in India in converting the natives on account of the difficulty of explaining the teachings of Christianity so that the ignorant people could understand them. Some of the most beautiful passages in the Bible, for instance, are destroyed by translation. He attempted once to have the hymn,

> Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee,

translated into the native dialect, so that the natives might appreciate its beauty. The work was entrusted to a young Hindu Bible student who had the reputation of being something of a poet. The next day he brought his translation

for approval, and his rendering, as translated back into English, read like this:—

> Very old stone, split for my benefit,
> Let me absent myself under one of your fragments.

It is not difficult to believe, after this, that many of the natives see little that is beautiful in our most cherished hymns and poems.

William Cowper's most famous and widely-known hymn is said to be the one he wrote for Passiontide:—

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath its flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.

This hymn was written about the year 1770, and was based on the text which usually heads the composition in the majority of our hymnals: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." It was one of the first hymns he wrote after his first attack of temporary madness, and as this period of the poet's life always seems to have a fascination for his admirers, I quote a passage taken from an article published in the *North American Review* for January, 1834, which appears to me to give

the best account of this distressing incident yet published. My readers are probably well aware that Cowper was of a painfully nervous and shy temperament, his extreme sensitiveness probably accounting in no small measure for his malady. He had been promised a post as Clerk of the Journal to the House of Lords, and was happy in the contemplation of his approaching appointment, when, to his utter dismay, he learned that it would be necessary to undergo a public examination before the House before he entered upon his duties.

"As the time drew nigh, his agony became more and more intense; he hoped and believed that madness would come to relieve him; he attempted also to make up his mind to commit suicide, though his conscience bore stern testimony against it; he could not by any argument persuade himself that it was right, but this desperation prevailed, and he procured from an apothecary the means of self-destruction. On the day before his public appearance was to be made, he happened to notice a letter in the newspaper, which to his disordered mind seemed like a malignant libel on himself. He immediately threw down the paper and rushed into the fields, determined to die in a ditch, but the thought struck

him that he might escape from the country. With the same violence he proceeded to make hasty preparations for his flight; but while he was engaged in packing his portmanteau his mind changed, and he threw himself into a coach, ordering the man to drive to the Tower wharf, intending to throw himself into the river, and not reflecting that it would be impossible to accomplish his purpose in that public spot. On approaching the water, he found a porter seated upon some goods: he then returned to the coach and was conveyed to his lodgings at the Temple. On the way he attempted to drink the laudanum, but as often as he raised it, a convulsive agitation of his frame prevented its reaching his lips; and thus, regretting the loss of the opportunity, but unable to avail himself of it, he arrived, half dead with anguish, at his apartment. He then shut the doors and threw himself upon the bed with the laudanum near him, trying to lash himself up to the deed; but a voice within seemed constantly to forbid it, and as often as he extended his hand to the poison, his fingers were contracted and held back by spasms.

"At this time some one of the inmates of the place came in, but he concealed his agitation, and as soon as he was left alone, a change came over

him, and so detestable did the deed appear, that he threw away the laudanum and dashed the vial to pieces. The rest of the day was spent in heavy insensibility, and at night he slept as usual; but on waking at three in the morning, he took his penknife and lay with his weight upon it, the point towards his heart. It was broken and would not penetrate. At day break he arose, and passing a strong garter round his neck, fastened it to the frame of his bed: this gave way with his weight, but on securing it to the door, he was more successful, and remained suspended till he had lost all consciousness of existence. After a time the garter broke and he fell to the floor, so that his life was saved; but the conflict had been greater than his reason could endure. He felt for himself a contempt not to be expressed or imagined; whenever he went into the street, it seemed as if every eye flashed upon him with indignation and scorn; he felt as if he had offended God so deeply that his guilt could never be forgiven, and his whole heart was filled with tumultuous pangs of despair. Madness was not far off, or rather madness was already come."

It was after this terrible experience, and when he had somewhat recovered, that he turned his attention to the *Olney Hymns*. For eight years

he was well, mentally and physically, and during that period a great deal of his religious verse was written. Then his mind gave way once more and he made another attempt to commit suicide. He was, however, again frustrated, this time by the action of his coachman who had received orders to drive to the river. The man purposely lost his way and brought the poet back to his home again. His reason once more returned, and in one of those fits of contrition which appear to have swiftly followed on every period of madness, he wrote that hymn which has since been a comfort to countless thousands :—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

To an American writer we are indebted for one of the most beautiful hymns in the language and one which is particularly suited to Passiontide. I refer to :—

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine ;
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

This hymn was written by the greatest of all American hymnists, the late Dr. Ray Palmer. Although Dr. Palmer has been dead but a few years this composition of his has been a general favourite among all denominations for close upon three-quarters of a century. From this it may be inferred that the author wrote it at a very early age. This is so ; in fact it was the first hymn Dr. Palmer ever composed, and it is as strange as it is true that this initial performance in hymnody should be by far his most successful. Dr. Palmer is the author of many other hymns, not one of which has attained, in this country at least, to the popularity enjoyed by the composition at present under consideration.

"My faith looks up to Thee" was written a few months after the author had graduated at Yale College, New Haven, and while he was acting as tutor in a school in New York. Though Dr. Palmer has left no record to the effect, I should be inclined to believe that he was in low spirits at the time, possibly feeling somewhat home sick owing to his being away from relations and friends. It is a well-known fact that he was greatly affected when composing the hymn, and he is said to have written the concluding verse with the deepest emotion and in tears.

Very soon after it was written the hymn was published in a little volume of *Spiritual Songs*, and was there set to a melody by the late Lowell Mason, called "Olivet," a tune to which it has ever since been sung both here and in America.

"My faith looks up to Thee" is unique in many respects. Though it was the first hymn the author ever wrote it became the most popular; it was written, practically, by a boy; it was set to music the year of its birth and has been sung to the same melody ever since; and, lastly, it was a popular hymn for nearly sixty years during the author's lifetime. Among American hymns, therefore, none surely has a more interesting record than "My faith looks up to Thee."

A hymn for Passiontide, which was written by Isaac Watts, but which is not now found in many collections, is :—

> Not all the blood of beasts
> On Jewish altars slain
> Could give the guilty conscience peace,
> Or wash away our stain.

There is a general impression to the effect that this hymn was written by Dr. Watts after a visit paid to Smithfield market. There he had stood for a few moments contemplating the newly-slain animals, and the incident soon suggested to the

poet a subject for a hymn. Continuing his stroll round the market he thought out the first draft of "Not all the blood of beasts." Though the composition has always been a favourite with nonconformists it is found in comparatively few hymnals of the Church of England. It is somewhat strange that Watts, who had a remarkably fine ear for metre and rhythm should, as shown in the following verse, have allowed himself to pass so clumsy a rhyme :—

My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

This is almost as bad, though not quite, as Charles Wesley in his "Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go," the second verse of which, as all those who use the Methodist hymnal are probably aware, has a very awkward line of a different nature :—

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

In many hymnals the verse has been changed to :—

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
  O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
  And prove Thy good and perfect will.

This is a considerable improvement, but who is answerable for the alteration I am unable to say.

The concluding verse of "Not all the blood of beasts" is rather a curious one:—

Believing, we rejoice
  To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
  And trust His bleeding love.

Altogether the hymn is one which suits the eighteenth century better than the twentieth. Somehow it misses the delicacy and refinement which is so characteristic of the best of Watts' hymns. It cannot, for instance, be compared with his tender and beautiful:—

There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

In connection with this hymn, which is not of course one for Passiontide, it is related that it was written by Watts before he had reached his twenty-first birthday, and that the theme was

suggested by the beautiful view of Southampton Water as seen from the Isle of Wight. There is strong reason to believe that this is correct, for if we study the hymn we shall find that there are many expressions contained in it which substantiate the theory—"Death like a narrow sea," "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green," etc.

Over 500 hymns by Isaac Watts are said to be in common use throughout the English-speaking world, but the estimate is probably exaggerated. Half that number would certainly be nearer the mark, and even this is remarkable when we consider that the average hymnal contains but 500 contributions. Like his contemporary hymnists Watts wrote much that was excellent but also much that was inferior, and it is only the winnowing of years which brings all the wheat to the surface. As generation follows generation the number of his hymns to be found in our collections may lessen until perhaps only thirty or forty remain, but these will stand the test of all times and be sung as long as Christianity endures—surely a splendid monument to the memory of any man.

A hymn which has been described as the most pathetic of the Middle Ages is the Stabat Mater

Dolorosa, rendered familiar to us by the translation :—

> At the Cross her station keeping
> Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
> Where He hung, the dying Lord;
> For her soul of joy bereavèd,
> Bow'd with anguish, deeply grievèd,
> Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

This hymn has been ascribed to at least six authors, and, though no really satisfactory conclusion has ever been come to, it is generally considered to be the work of either Pope Innocent III or Jacobus de Benedictus. If the opinion of a dozen hymnologists were taken it would probably be found that the majority were in favour of the latter being the real author. But after so many centuries and on such slender testimony obtainable it is impossible to decide with absolute certainty, and like many another hymn the Stabat Mater will have to be ascribed, if safety be desired, to that mysterious individual—"an anonymous writer."

Of the translations of the hymn there have been many, the most popular being that by Edward Caswall which appeared in 1867. This version has appeared in more hymnals than all the other translations put together, though in some instances

in an altered form. In Protestant collections, of course, the verses having special reference to the Virgin Mary have been omitted.

A very interesting feature connected with the Stabat Mater is the numerous occasions on which it has been set to music by various famous composers. Palestrina, Haydn and Rossini are only a few of the celebrated musicians who have expended on the Stabat Mater their finest efforts of musical composition. Who does not know the melody to Cujus Animam taken from the latter's work? The majority of us learned it during the first year of our musical education! Last of all the great Bohemian composer Dvorak has given us in the Stabat Mater some of his loveliest music. Of all the poems which have come to us from the Latin none has been so frequently set to music as the Stabat Mater.

There are three melodies to which "At the Cross her station keeping" is usually sung, and they are all, curiously enough, entitled "Stabat Mater" which at times occasions some confusion. Perhaps the setting most often sung is the one by Dr. Dykes. The remaining tunes consist of an ancient plain song and a modern French melody, both of which suit the mournful and tender words very well.

Another great hymn which, though not perhaps originally written for Passiontide, has come to be generally used for the season commemorative of the death of our Lord, is "My God, I love Thee; not because," a translation of "O Deus ego amo Te," usually ascribed to St. Francis Xavier. That it was written by the great Roman Catholic missionary has never conclusively been proved, but the probability is that it was. It is a hymn which has been known and loved by many countries for many generations, and the translations are numerous. In Great Britain that made by Edward Caswall has gained the greatest amount of favour, and is to be found in the greatest number of English hymnals.

Exception has been taken by several editors to the first verse of Mr. Caswall's translation, and for this reason have omitted it from their collections. The verse, as my readers are probably aware, sets forth the terrible punishment meted out to those who do not love God :—

> My God, I love Thee; not because
> I hope for Heaven thereby,
> Nor yet because who love Thee not
> Must burn eternally.

In some collections this verse has been slightly altered, the last two lines reading :—

Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Perhaps the difficulty might be got over by changing the words "lost" or "burn" to "mourn":—

My God I love Thee; not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must mourn eternally.

This is taking a liberty with a hymn for which I have not the excuse of being a hymnist to offer, but it seems a pity that owing to a word unfortunately chosen a composition so beautiful should be omitted from any collection.

That very well-known Passiontide hymn, "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," is the combined work of two hymnists, James Allen and the Rev. and Hon. Walter Shirley, grandson of Earl Ferrers. It was first published in the *Kendal Hymn Book*, but in a form very different from that now found in most modern collections. Had not Mr. Shirley taken it in hand and recast it, there is more than a possibility that to-day the composition would have been forgotten. From half a dozen somewhat commonplace verses he succeeded in producing what has become one of the most prized hymns in the language:—

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

James Allen must have been a somewhat remarkable man. After taking his degree at Oxford he appears to have become a lay reader of the Church of England, but owing to his peculiar temperament did not get on very happily with the clergymen with whom his work brought him in contact. He joined various meteoric sects, with none of which, however, he remained for any length of time, and eventually built a chapel of his own, where he conducted service according to his own notions. He was the author of several original hymns, and was the friend of the celebrated Lady Huntingdon. He assisted in the compilation of the *Kendal Hymn Book*, and after leading an uneventful life, died at Gayle, in 1804, at the age of seventy.

James Allen's fellow-hymnist, Walter Shirley, his senior by nine years, was an Irish rector, and a poet of some ability. He was a far better hymnist than Allen, being the author of some really fine religious verse, his Good Friday hymn, "Flow fast, my tears, the cause is great," being especially beautiful. It is doubtful, taking all things

into consideration, whether Allen's name would be remembered to-day had not "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing" been so successfully recast. Shirley died April 7, 1786, eighteen years before his staunch friend James Allen.

If the tenderest hymn John Ellerton ever wrote be his one for evening service, "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise," certainly his grandest and most solemn is the one for Passiontide :—

> Throned upon the awful Tree,
> King of grief, I watch with Thee;
> Darkness veils Thine anguish'd face,
> None its lines of woe can trace,
> None can tell what pangs unknown
> Hold Thee silent and alone.

This hymn was written in 1875 at the request of Sir Henry Baker for the new edition of his hymnal, and was there set to music by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley. This tune, appropriately named "Gethsemane" (not to be confounded with Monk's tune of the same name, and usually sung to Montgomery's "Go to dark Gethsemane"), was one of the most successful of all Gore Ouseley's hymn tunes, the peculiar manner in which the melody to each line rises half a tone rendering the hymn doubly solemn and impressive.

Canon Ellerton based his hymn on the text,

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The original manuscript of this very fine composition has been preserved, and is now in the possession of the late hymnist's son, the Rev. Frank Ellerton.

I understand that the hymn was originally written in three stanzas, the following verse being subsequently added before publication in Canon Ellerton's collection:—

> Lord, should fear and anguish roll
> Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
> Thou, who once wast thus bereft
> That Thine own might ne'er be left,
> Teach me by that bitter cry
> In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

In Sir Henry Baker's hymnal this composition is placed next to the Stabat Mater, "At the Cross her station keeping," and perhaps no higher praise could be given to a hymn than to say it is in every way worthy of its companion. Indeed it would be difficult to say which of the two hymns is the finer.

Of the many hymns which Dean Milman wrote, and which were published in 1827, all have stood the test of time, and are to-day in common use throughout the English-speaking world. Probably the only other writer of which the same can be

said is his friend and fellow-hymnist, Reginald Heber. Dean Milman's hymns include two for Lent, two funeral hymns, two for Advent, and one each for Easter, "Those at sea," and Passiontide This last is a remarkably beautiful hymn, very original as to construction, and containing much fine thought finely expressed. It may not be very well known to some of my readers, and I therefore quote the first and last verses:—

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn;
By the crown of twisted thorn;
By the side so deeply pierced;
By the baffled, burning thirst;
By the drooping, death-dewed brow:
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By the souls He died to save;
By the conquest He hath won;
By the saints before His throne;
By the rainbow round His brow:
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

This composition, which in the original consists of four stanzas of ten lines each, was written at Heber's request, and is to be found in the Bishop's book of manuscript hymns now located in the British Museum.

As is well known, Bishop Heber thought more highly of Milman's hymns than he did of those of any other writer who lived during his own times. From a letter written to me some years ago by Dean Milman's son I quote the following interesting paragraphs :—

"With regard to my father's manuscript hymns," writes Mr. Arthur Milman, "I have never even seen one, and I doubt very much whether they can have survived. I have in my possession several letters written to my father by Heber, and as they may possibly interest your readers I send you one or two extracts. Under date of May 11, 1821, which would be a couple of years before his appointment to the see of Calcutta, Heber writes to my father :—

"'I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your saint (the Martyr of Antioch) is making towards her crown, and I feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you while so occupied to recollect my hymn-book. I have during the last month received some assistance

from——, which would once have pleased me much, but, alas! your Advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort.'

"Again, December 28, 1821, Heber writes: 'You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn-book. A few more such and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any hymns of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up.'"

It is somewhat sad to recollect that this collection of hymns in which Heber took such intense interest was not published until after his death, and then possibly not in the form in which he intended it to appear.

Between the hymns of Heber and Milman a good deal of similarity exists, the predominating features in the compositions of both writers being lyric fire and wealth of colouring.

To Thomas Kelly, a most voluminous writer, whose hymnal compositions are said to approach a thousand in number, we owe that very fine and original Passion hymn:—

We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's Hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

This hymn was first published in 1815, and quickly found its way into the collections of every denomination. In Sir Henry Baker's hymnal the following verse has been added :—

To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

Thomas Kelly, the son of an Irish judge, was born in Dublin in 1769. It had been his intention to follow in the footsteps of his father, but on leaving Trinity College he altered his mind and took Holy Orders. Owing, however, to constant friction with the Primate of Ireland he left the Established Church, and for many years preached in unconsecrated buildings. He was a man possessed of great magnetic powers, and his fine orations attracted considerable crowds. His hymns were first sung by his own congregation, but after publication were eagerly seized upon by compilers of every class of hymnal. The requests for the use of his compositions invariably met with a ready and cheerful response.

Singularly genial and kindly in disposition, Mr. Kelly was greatly beloved by the poor of Dublin, who could always count on his assistance when times were more than ordinarily bad. It is told in the Irish capital how on one occasion, when a worthy couple were passing through a period of exceptional hardship and privation, the husband endeavoured to cheer his disconsolate wife with the remark: "Hould up, Bridget, bedad, there's always Misther Kelly to pull us out of the bog afther we've sunk for the last time." This somewhat paradoxical remark is eminently characteristic of the faith which the poor had in Mr. Kelly; no deserving case ever appealed to him in vain, and his memory is still most affectionately cherished in the capital of his "most distresthful country."

Like Archbishop Maclagan, Mr. Kelly was also a composer of considerable ability, and many of his hymns were first set to music by the author himself. Soon after the publication of his collection of hymns in 1815 he issued a companion volume containing tunes suited to every kind of metre to be found in his hymnal. All these tunes he composed himself, and among them are many of great beauty and originality. Mr. Kelly died in Dublin in 1854 at the advanced age of eighty-five.

The late Rev. Frederick William Harris, for many years vicar of Medmenham, was the author of one hymn so excellent as to be worthy a place in every collection. It was written specially for Passiontide, and appeared first, I believe, in a magazine, after which it was inserted in Prebendary Thring's collection. Here is the opening verse :—

"It is finished—It is finished!" all the untold agony,
When with death and hell He wrestled all alone upon the Tree;
All alone—nor man nor angel near to comfort and sustain,
E'en the cry of mortal anguish, "Eli! Eli"! spent in vain.

In a note on this hymn Prebendary Thring says: "The first line of each verse as originally written began with the Greek word *Τετελεσται*, of which 'It is finished' is the translation."

The final verse to this hymn differs somewhat from the rest, containing as it does an extra line, which renders necessary a change in the musical setting. It is very fine, however, and as the hymn is not so well known as it should be I quote this stanza :—

"It is finished—It is finished!" all by heaven decreed of old,
In the sacred volume written, or by ancient seer foretold :

Wrath appeased, transgression finished, God and man
again at one;
Comes the night when no man worketh: let it come, the
work is done;
Hark, through heaven the word is echoed: "It is
finished"—"It is done."

So far as I have been able to discover, Mr. Harris was the author of no other hymns, certainly none that were ever published. So evidently did he possess the true instinct necessary to the production of successful hymns that it is more than a pity that our hymnals have received no further contributions from his pen. Mr. Harris died in 1872 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight.

I cannot conclude this chapter without referring to the many excellent metrical litanies written by the late Mr. Thomas Benson Pollock, for some years rector of Pluckley in Kent. His Litany on the Seven Last Words from the Cross, which is so frequently sung at the three hours' service on Good Fridays, is perhaps his best known. It was first published, together with several others, in 1870, in a small volume, and subsequently appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* To this collection Mr. Pollock also contributed a couple of hymns, "We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save" and "We have not known Thee as we ought," neither

of which is very well known, even by those who use this hymnal. It is by his litanies that Mr. Pollock will be longest remembered. He died in 1896.

VI

Easter Hymns

THE Resurrection was a favourite subject with the majority of ancient hymnists, and as a consequence a large proportion of those hymns which we are accustomed to sing on Easter Day have come to us from the Latin. Foremost among these is "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," a hymn the authorship of which is shrouded in mystery. It has, however, been conclusively proved to be a composition of the fourteenth century. Curiously enough the name of the translator is also unknown.

This hymn, very much as we sing it to-day, first appeared in a book entitled *Lyra Davidica*, published in 1708, the first verse reading :—

> Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
> Halle-Halle-lujah.
> Our triumphant Holy-day;
> Who so lately on the Cross,
> Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

No name of author was appended, and little inquiry, if any, appears to have been made as to who it was who had contributed to our national hymnary so fine a translation of the Latin hymn. Three stanzas only were given, the fourth, the Doxology, as published in some hymnals, being afterwards written by Charles Wesley. As this Doxology may not be in the hymnals used by some of my readers, I give it:—

Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host;
Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Hallelujah!

The really magnificent melody with which this hymn will always be associated, rendering it a veritable "triumphant song," appeared in conjunction with the hymn in *Lyra Davidica.* It seems quite in keeping with the mystery surrounding the authorship of hymn and translation that the music should also be by an unknown composer. And so it is. No name was attached to the setting, and though various composers have been credited with its authorship, it has never been conclusively proved who was the real com-

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

poser. The mystery surrounding the authors of hymn, translation, and music, will probably never be unravelled in this world.

Another hymn which has come to us from the Latin, and one of which nothing is known regarding authorship, is "The strife is o'er, the battle done." It is said to have been written during the twelfth century, but even this information is scarcely to be relied upon. Dr. Neale and Dr. Bonar have both made translations, but their versions have long since been cast into obscurity by Mr Francis Pott's spirited rendering:—

> The strife is o'er, the battle done!
> The victory of life is won!
> The song of triumph has begun!
> Alleluia!

Very soon after Mr. Pott published his translation in 1861, it was included in a great number of hymnals, usually in an altered condition. In one popular collection the only verse given as the translator wrote it is the last. In many hymnals the following verse is omitted:—

> He closed the yawning gates of hell;
> The bars from heaven's high portals fell,
> Let hymns of praise His triumph tell!
> Alleluia!

The melody called "Victory," to which this

hymn has for many years been sung, and which commences, as my readers will recollect, with a triumphant trio of alleluias, is from one of Palestrina's oratorios.

Mr. Francis Pott, besides being a translator, is also known as a writer of original hymns. His "Angel voices ever singing," and "Lift up your heads, eternal gates," are to be found in many hymnals. In a characteristic little note received from Mr. Pott some time ago, I was informed that he could tell me nothing about his hymns, from the simple fact that there was nothing interesting to tell.

One of the finest and most beautiful original Easter hymns we possess is:—

> Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
> He hath burst His bonds in twain,

by the late Rev. Archer Gurney. This hymn was first published in a little volume of original and collected hymns, entitled *A Book of Praise*, compiled by Mr. Gurney in 1860. The compiler's own copy, which he used when chaplain of the Court Church, Paris, is beside me as I write, having been sent to me by a relative of the late hymnist. It is marked "Altar," and is a very small volume bound in cloth. The book contains

281 pieces, of which Mr. Gurney composed no fewer than 147. With the exception of "Christ is risen!" however, no hymns by Mr. Gurney have come into common use, though many he wrote call for the serious attention of hymnal editors.

"Christ is risen!" appears in the author's collection in a somewhat different form from that in many hymnals. Indeed, the frequency with which Mr. Gurney's fine hymn has been altered, sometimes with his leave, but more often without, was a source of considerable distress to the author. On more than one occasion he remarked that if an editor thought "Christ is risen!" a sufficiently good hymn to insert in his collection, he wished he would print it as written, or leave it alone altogether. The refrain in this hymn, which has been more often altered than any other part of the composition, appears in *A Book of Praise* in the following form:—

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Cry of gladness, soar again.

This has been altered in the majority of hymnals to:—

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain.

The melody, called "Resurrexit," which was specially written to the words of Mr. Gurney's hymn, is by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and is one of the finest tunes in our hymn books. It was written about the year 1874.

Mr. Archer Gurney, besides being a hymnist was also a very clever musician, and many of his hymns were first set to music by himself. Mrs. Dorothy Gurney, the authoress of "O perfect love, all human thought transcending," is the daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Archer Gurney.

"Jesus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, death, appal us" is the late Miss Frances E. Cox's translation of the German hymn by C. F. Gellert. It is generally regarded by hymnologists to be the finest of the many fine hymns by this writer, and is to be found in nearly all German hymnals published during the last hundred years. In Germany, where it is as great a favourite at Easter services as in this country, it is also very often sung at funerals.

Since Miss Cox published her excellent translation of this hymn in 1840 it has become very popular in Great Britain and all English-speaking countries, few hymnals published during the

last half century omitting it. In many collections, however, the opening lines have been altered to:—

> Jesus lives! thy terrors now
> Can, O death, no more appal us,

probably due to the fact that the first line is apt to convey a wrong impression unless due regard be paid to punctuation.

Though several translations of other hymns by Gellert have been made, it cannot be said that any one of them has gained a popularity in this country equal to that enjoyed by "Jesus lives!" Christian Fürchtegott Gellert died at Leipzig in 1769 at the age of forty-four.

From the Greek we get a very beautiful Easter hymn, which has been translated by John Mason Neale:—

> Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
> Of triumphant gladness.

This hymn is by St. John of Damascus, and was written some time during the latter half of the eighth century. Since Dr. Neale's translation appeared in 1862 this hymn has taken its place among those most frequently sung at Easter. In his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, where the translation first appeared, it is given in four

stanzas, but the following verse is usually omitted in most hymnals :—

Neither might the gates of death,
  Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
  Hold Thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the Twelve
  Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
  Passeth human knowing.

In one hymnal the following verse is substituted :—

Alleluia now we cry
  To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
  Of the tomb's dark portal ;
Alleluia, with the Son
  God the Father praising ;
Alleluia yet again
  To the Spirit raising.

Dr. Neale was the first to open up to us the beauties of Oriental hymnody. Before his translations began to find their way into our hymnals the lyrics of the Eastern Church were practically unknown. In the Preface to his first volume of Greek translations the author says : " It is a most remarkable fact, and one which shows how very little interest has been hitherto felt in the Eastern

1 MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH.
Photo by Fisher, Clifton.

2 MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY.
From an Engraving.

3 MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
From a Photo.

4 MR. B. S. INGEMANN.
From a Photo.

5 MR. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.
From the Painting by T. Barber, Esq., Nottingham.

6 THE REV. ARCHER T. GURNEY.
Photo by Lock & Whitfield.

hymn by Weisse which can be said to have gained any great popularity in this country.

"Alleluia, alleluia, Hearts to heaven and voices raise," an Easter hymn of great beauty, is by the late Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln. It first appeared in a collection of the bishop's hymns, after which it was included in several hymnals. It had the advantage of being set to music by the late Arthur Sullivan, who successfully interpreted the joyful nature of the words, the result being an inspiring hymn, both as regards music and words.

It is based on the words taken from the 15th chapter of the second book of Corinthians: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." In most hymnals it is given in an unaltered form with the exception of the following verse, which is usually omitted:—

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born;
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

This hymn is full of praise and hope and is one of the most lyrical compositions Dr. Wordsworth ever penned.

A good translator seldom makes a very successful original hymnist. This was the case with John Mason Neale. Very few of his original hymns will live, though his translations will always be regarded as among the finest in our hymnals. One composition of an original nature by the late hymnist, however, has been accorded a good deal of favour, and is now to be found in a great number of collections. This was an Easter carol beginning, "The foe behind, the deep before." It differs considerably from any other hymn in the language, being written in a kind of irregular verse, if the expression be allowable. It was composed in 1853 and published the following year in his *Carols for Easter-tide.* In the original it consists of twelve stanzas, but these have been greatly reduced in the hymnal. It was set to music by Dr. Joseph Barnby, and was a great favourite among the Eton boys.

"Crown Him with many crowns," by the late Matthew Bridges, though not specially written for Easter, is eminently suited for that season of the year. It first appeared in the author's *Hymns of the Heart*, and was subsequently included in a great number of collections. Mr. Bridges based his composition on the words "And on His head were many crowns," and has succeeded in produc-

ing one of the finest sacred lyrics in the language. It has been altered by various editors and appears in few hymnals exactly as the author wrote it. In Thring's collection only one stanza is by Mr. Bridges, the remaining four being the work of the editor. The following verse is often omitted:—

Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
  The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
  Which now His brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
  As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
  The Babe of Bethlehem.

Matthew Bridges was born at Maldon, in Essex, in 1800, and, though brought up a member of the Church of England, early in life seceded to the Church of Rome. He published two small volumes of hymns, one in 1848 and the other in 1852. From these the majority of his hymns have been taken, not one of which, however, can compare in point of popularity with his "Crown Him with many crowns." Mr. Bridges towards the close of his life lived in Canada. He died in Quebec in 1893.

"Rejoice, the Lord is King" is equally suited to either Easter or Ascension. It is by Charles

Wesley, and was first printed in 1746. In point of popularity and the number of hymnals in which it is to be found it compares favourably with the same author's "Hark, the herald angels sing," and "Jesu, Lover of my soul." In many collections the following verse is omitted :—

He all His foes shall quell,
  Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
  With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

This hymn attracted the attention of Handel, who wrote for it the very fine melody called "Gopsal." The original of this setting is at present located in the Fitzwilliam Museum, together with many other of Handel's manuscripts. It is often thought that the small notes for the organ, which my readers will perhaps recollect are interpolated between the two lines of the refrain, were added afterwards by another composer, but this is not the case. The tune has been collated with the original and agrees with it in every particular. "Rejoice, the Lord is King," is almost the only hymn to be found in our hymnals which has been set to music by Handel.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name," though

seldom placed among the hymns for Easter or Ascension, is distinctly suitable for either occasion. It was written by Edward Perronet, and published in the *Gospel Magazine* in 1780. It is somewhat curious that the tune by Shrubsole, which is as famous as the hymn itself, was published at the same time and in the same magazine. This tune, which might have been by the same hand as penned that to "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," received its name of "Miles Lane," it is said, from the chapel in Miles Lane, London, where Shrubsole was for many years organist.

The hymn as originally published contained eight stanzas. The following verse, however, is generally omitted :—

> Let highborn seraphs tune the lyre,
> And as they tune it fall
> Before His face who tunes their choir,
> And crown Him Lord of all.

This verse is rather a clumsy one, and does not add in any degree to the value or beauty of the hymn.

In Wesley's Hymn Book appears another verse which is not by Perronet at all. It is the last in the hymn, and reads as follows :—

O that with yonder sacred throng
  We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

This verse, too, is a weak one, and compares unfavourably with the rest of the hymn. Though Edward Perronet wrote other hymns, some of them, perhaps, in merit equal to "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," it cannot be said that any one of them has become familiar to the church-going public. Like many another hymnist, his reputation rests on a single composition.

"Light's abode, celestial Salem," a hymn suitable for Easter or Ascension, though not specially written for either, is a translation from the Latin by John Mason Neale. It is by an unknown writer of the 15th century. The translation first appeared in Dr. Neale's *Hymns on the Joys and Glories of Paradise*, published a few months previous to his death in 1866. The little volume attracted attention by reason of the beauty of the translations, and many of the hymns contained in it soon began to make their appearance in a large number of collections. Perhaps the following extract, taken from the Preface to the first edition of Dr. Neale's little volume, helped in a measure to popularize his Latin translation :—

"I wish to add," he said,—"and this for the publisher as well as for myself—that any compiler of a future hymnal is perfectly welcome to make use of anything contained in this little book, only he will, perhaps, in that case, let us have a copy of his Hymnal when published. And I am very glad to have this opportunity of saying how strongly I feel that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom, the author retaining no private right in it whatever. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into that treasury of the Church, into which the 'many that were rich'—Ambrose and Hildebert, and Adam and Bernard of Cluny, and S. Bernard—yes, and Santeüil and Coffin—'cast in much.' But having so cast it in, is not the claiming a vested interest in it something like 'keeping back part of the price of the land'?"

The melody, "Regent Square," to which "Light's abode, celestial Salem" is usually sung, was composed by Henry Smart soon after the appearance of the translation.

An Easter hymn of great beauty and vigour is Robert Campbell's translation from the Latin,

"At the Lamb's high feast we sing." The author of the original is unknown, but it is generally supposed to have been written sometime during the 6th century. The translation was compiled, according to a manuscript which is in the possession of Mrs. E. Campbell, in 1849. It was printed the following year in a small volume of hymns which has long since been out of print.

Robert Campbell is not known as a writer of original hymns, though a few of these have been published. The popularity of his "At the Lamb's high feast we sing," however, is beyond that of any other translation, though there have been many. It is to be found in a very large number of hymnals and has been copied into a great many foreign collections. The stirring melody to which it is allied, known as "Salzburg," is from J. Sebastian Bach.

Robert Campbell was a Scotch Advocate, but devoted much of his time to the classics. He found relaxation from his professional duties in making translations of Latin hymns, many of which were published in a volume called the *St. Andrew's Hymnal.* In 1852, at the age of thirty-eight, he left the Episcopal Church of Scotland and became a Roman Catholic. He died in Edinburgh in 1868 at the early age of fifty-four.

"The Day of Resurrection" is a translation from the Greek made by John Mason Neale. The original of this beautiful Easter song belongs to the eighth century, and is generally supposed to be by St. John of Damascus. This hymn is sung every Easter Day at Athens, and in his book of translations Dr. Neale quotes the following account by a modern writer of one of those Easter ceremonies which he witnessed previous to making his translation:—

"As midnight approached, the Archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the King and Queen, left the church, and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and the Easter Day had begun. Then the old Archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud exulting tone, '*Christos anesti*, Christ is risen!' and instantly every single individual of all the host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever

the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowds; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drum through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon announced far and near these 'glad tidings of great joy'; while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed—and so in truth it was—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which

was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath His feet, and henceforth the entomb'd have everlasting life.'"

'He is gone—beyond the skies" is one of the few hymns by the late Dean Stanley which may be said to have come into common use in this country. It first appeared in a popular magazine, signed with the Dean's initials, after which it was included in a large number of collections. A pretty story is told in connexion with the writing of this hymn. While in conversation with the Dean a friend happened to remark that his children had complained that there was no hymn really suitable for Ascension Day. They were also very much concerned as to what the disciples thought when "a cloud received Him out of their sight." The Dean seems to have been struck by the childish remarks, and replied that he would write such a hymn. "He is gone—beyond the skies," was the result. This story is related in a volume of poems entitled *Christ in Song*, by Dr. Phillip Schaff.

Of the immense number of hymns which Thomas Kelly wrote, the majority are of a joyful nature. He must have been a man possessed of a tremendous fund of good spirits and well able to look on the bright side of life, for though his career was anything but an untroubled one he seldom gave expression to feelings of melancholy, even in his writings. His hymns are characterized by unbounded faith, hope, joy and praise.

One of Mr. Kelly's most beautiful compositions is "The Head that once was crowned with thorns," evidently intended by the author for use at Ascension services. It was first published in a collection of his hymns in 1820, and subsequently in a great number of hymnals. This hymn has never had the advantage of having a very good tune written to it. That by Jeremiah Clark, to which it is usually sung, is a somewhat melancholy setting, not at all in keeping with the general character of the hymn. The words are certainly worthy the attention of our foremost composers.

"Alleluia! sing to Jesus" is not infrequently sung as a Communion hymn, but I give it a place under this chapter in consequence of the following verse, which stamps it, in my opinion, as an Ascension hymn :—

Alleluia! not as orphans
  We are left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
  Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
  When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
  "I am with you evermore"?

This hymn was written by the late William Chatterton Dix about the same time that he composed "Come unto Me, ye weary." The joyful nature of the composition indicates, however, that the author was in good health when he wrote it, and not, as in the case of the latter hymn, just recovering from a serious illness. This hymn has been fortunate in being given in the majority of hymnals as the author wrote it. The melody to which it is generally allied was composed by Dr. S. S. Wesley. It is a spirited tune, and has added in no small degree to the beauty of the hymn.

VII

Processional Hymns

AMONG those hymns specially suited for singing in processions of a religious nature none enjoys a greater degree of popularity than Dean Alford's "Forward! be our watchword." This hymn was written for a choral festival held in connexion with the Canterbury Diocesan Union, and was first published in 1871. Mr. H. E. T. Crusoe, the late Dean's son-in-law, some few years since drew my attention to the following account of how "Forward! be our watchword" came to be written:—

"It is related in the life of the Rev. J. G. Wood that Mr. Wood once asked the Dean to write a processional hymn for a choral festival, and to compose the music also. The Dean was at first a little overcome by the audacity of the proposal, but finally consented, and wrote a very admirable hymn. But, good as it was, it was not

the kind of hymn wanted, and so Mr. Wood wrote off again to the Dean, pointing out that the hymn was not well adapted to sing on the march. Would he, therefore, go into his cathedral, walk slowly along the course the procession would take, and compose another hymn as he did so? The Dean, not in the least offended, did as he was bid, and the result was that grand hymn beginning:—

> Forward! be our watchword,
> Steps and voices joined;
> Seek the things before us,
> Not a look behind.

The MS. reached Mr. Wood with a humorous little note to the effect that the Dean had written the hymn and put it into its hat and boots, and that Mr. Wood might add the coat and trousers for himself! On looking at the music, Mr. Wood found accordingly that only the treble and bass had been supplied by the composer; the alto and tenor were added by Mrs. Worthington Bliss. The effect of the hymn when sung by the vast body of a thousand choristers was utterly beyond the power of words to describe."

The tune to which this hymn was originally sung, and which, as already stated, was composed by the author, is now seldom used, having been long since supplanted by Henry Gadsby's "St.

Boniface," or a very beautiful melody by Henry Smart. The hymn is very often broken up into two parts, being far too long for an ordinary service. When composing the hymn Dean Alford kept before him the words, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." It was on these words that the hymn was based.

"The Royal Banners forward go" is Neale's translation of a processional hymn by Fortunatus, which dates back to the sixth century. This magnificent composition, known as the Vexilla Regis, was written under exceptionally interesting circumstances. The story goes that in the year 569, St. Radegund presented to the town of Poictiers a fragment of what was believed to be the true Cross. Fortunatus was the one chosen to receive the sacred relic on its arrival at Poictiers. When the bearers of the holy fragment were some two miles distant from the town, Fortunatus, with a great gathering of believers and enthusiasts, some carrying banners, crosses and other sacred emblems, went forth to meet them. As they marched they sang the hymn which Fortunatus had composed, the Vexilla Regis, now rendered familiar to us by the version beginning, "The Royal Banners forward go."

There have been many translations of this

hymn, but that by Dr. Neale has eclipsed them all. It was first published in his *Mediaeval Hymns*, from whence it was soon transferred to a great number of hymnals. Though it is distinctly a processional hymn, Fortunatus himself having that object in view when he wrote it, it is also very often sung on the fifth Sunday in Lent, otherwise known as Passion Sunday.

There are two well known melodies to this hymn, one called St. Cecilia, by the Rev. John Hampton, and the other, a plain song, appropriately named "Vexilla Regis," by an unknown composer. Both these tunes are somewhat melancholy and quite unworthy so great a hymn. This composition also deserves the serious attention of our best composers.

A hymn well known to even the smallest child attending Sunday school is :—

Onward Christian soldiers
Marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

In fact, it was written for children, though many compilers of works on hymnody affirm that the author had adults in his mind when he wrote it. The hymn was written by the Rev.

Sabine Baring-Gould in a great hurry for his mission at Horbury Bridge about the year 1865. Here the children had to march many a long mile to take part in what is dear to the heart of every true child—a school feast. Owing to the distance from the church to the scene of the festivities, an early start was necessary, and marching in procession with banners waving, colours flying, and a cross preceding them, the little ones sang lustily all the way. It was for these processions that "Onward, Christian soldiers" was written, and though it is many a year since Mr. Baring-Gould led those enthusiastic little pilgrims of Horbury Bridge, it is not improbable that the hymn is as great a favourite among the newer generation there as it was thirty-five years ago. It was then sung to Gauntlet's tune, for Sullivan had not then composed that stirring march which would have made his name popular had he never written another note. In connexion with Sullivan's setting, which he christened "St. Gertrude," it is interesting to learn that after writing it the composer remarked that he was afraid that it would be too "brassy" and martial for church singing. He was more than surprised at its popularity.

The fourth stanza of this hymn, which runs :—

What the Saints established
  That I hold for true.
What the Saints believèd,
  That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth,
  Men the faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires
  In destruction roll'd,

is now generally omitted. Some time ago I asked Mr. Baring-Gould if he had written the verse, and if so, why it was so often excluded from our hymnals, and he replied: "The verse to which you refer was written by me, but as the hymn has been used in many religious communities where such words would be absurd if sung, they have been omitted." Mr. Baring-Gould has not the slightest objection to this being done; indeed, he says he considers it very sensible.

Exception is sometimes taken to the following lines, which occur in the third stanza:—

We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.

Though no one would deny that all true Christians are one in hope and charity, or ought to be, it is more than probable that on occasions they are not one in doctrine. But then, again, it is also equally

true that, whenever the hymn is sung, whether in church or chapel, that particular congregation is not only one in hope and charity, but also one in doctrine.

Rather a good story is told in connexion with this hymn, which may or may not be true. It is related that a certain rather low church vicar, though he liked processions, particularly when he headed them, stoutly objected to the cross being carried. The organist and the choirmaster both did their best to persuade him that there was nothing wrong in carrying a cross, but they might just as well have addressed their remarks to his pulpit. The vicar was adamant. At last, losing all patience, the choirmaster altered the first verse, and the procession began their march round the church to the words :—

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Left behind the door.

Whether the vicar saw more clearly after that is not recorded.

Another hymn which has, through the translation made by Mr. Baring-Gould, become a general favourite in all English-speaking countries is, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." This

hymn, while not specially written as a processional, is, through the lesson it teaches of progress and unity, eminently suited for singing as a "March Militant." Mr. Baring-Gould's translation has become widely used and is to be found in most hymnals published during the last thirty-five years. It is not always given exactly as the translator wrote it, but the alterations have been made in most instances, I believe, with Mr. Baring-Gould's sanction. In some hymnals the following verse—one of the best—is often omitted :—

> Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
> Onward with the Cross our aid;
> Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
> Till we rest beneath its shade.

This hymn, I believe, was also written for the children of Horbury Bridge, and was first sung by them previous to being published in 1867. It has been set to music by many celebrated composers, but the tune with which it is most closely allied is that by Dr. J. B. Dykes, called "St. Oswald." Dr. Dykes had a fondness for naming tunes after places of which he had happy recollections, and his tune to "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" received its name in memory of his own church in Durham.

The original of Mr. Baring-Gould's translation is

by a Danish poet, Bernhardt Severin Ingemann, and is a general favourite in Denmark. It was written in 1825, and is the only hymn by this author which has found a place in English hymnals. Other translations of his hymns have been made, but it cannot be said that any one of them is known to the ordinary student of hymnology. Ingemann died in 1862 at the age of seventy-three.

One of the most lyric of all Dr. Neale's translations from the Latin is a hymn, by an unknown author of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, beginning :—

> To the Name of our Salvation
> Laud and honour let us pay,
> Which for many a generation
> Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
> But with holy exultation
> We may sing aloud to-day.

This hymn, as given in very many collections, has been considerably altered from Dr. Neale's original version first published in his *Mediaeval Hymns.* In *Hymns Ancient and Modern* the translation is quite as much the work of the compilers as it is that of Dr. Neale. The translator, however, was consulted with regard to the alterations before they were made, and offered no objection. This version has become by far the most

popular and has been copied into a great number of other collections.

To the following verse:—

> Jesus is the Name exalted
> Over every other name;
> In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
> We can put our foes to shame;
> Strength to them who else had halted,
> Eyes to blind and feet to lame,

exception has been taken. "The separation of the last two lines from their verb," writes some one, "makes it difficult to follow the sense, and 'Eyes to blind and feet to lame' is not English."

Dr. Neale is said to have been very rapid in making his translations, and in support of this the following anecdote is related by the late Gerald Moultrie:—

"Dr. Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley parsonage. On one occasion, Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, "Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the *Christian Year* was entirely original?" "Yes," he answered, "it certainly is." "Then how comes this?" and Dr. Neale placed before him the

1 THE REV. J. J. DANIELL.
Photo by Lambert, Bath.

2 THE REV. T. T. LYNCH.
Photo by W. E. Debenham, Haverstock Hill.

3 THE REV. G. S. HODGES, B.A.
Photo by W. Plumbe, Maidenhead.

4 THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.
From a Photo.

5 THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY, D.D.
From a Photo.

6 THE REV. CANON ELLERTON, M.A.
Photo by Gillman, Oxford.

Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen this 'original'—no, not in all his life. After a few minutes of quiet enjoyment, Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin during his absence."

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is said to have remarked on one occasion that whenever he was called upon to open a new church or preside at a dedication festival he could safely count upon two things — cold chicken and "The Church's one Foundation." His Grace's remarks, however, were not intended to detract in any way from the real and acknowledged merits of either, both being practically above criticism.

The late Mr. Stone's hymn, deservedly termed "great," has been for close upon forty years the "National Anthem" of the churches :—

"The Church's one Foundation
"Is JESUS Christ her Lord:
"She is His new Creation
"By water and the Word.

In an interesting correspondence which I had

with the author some years ago regarding his famous hymn, Mr. Stone told me that its origin might be traced to the interest he took in Bishop Grey's defence of the catholic faith against the teachings of Bishop Colenso. In the following verse Mr. Stone pointedly refers to this circumstance:—

> Though with a scornful wonder
> Men see her sore opprest,
> By schisms rent asunder,
> By heresies distrest;
> Yet saints their watch are keeping,
> Their cry goes up, "How long?"
> And soon the night of weeping
> Shall be the morn of song.

"The Church's one Foundation" has a remarkable effect on some temperaments. I have been told by men whose natures could hardly be termed "gentle" that to listen to this hymn sung by a large congregation was almost more than they could stand; it made them feel weak at the knees, their legs trembled and they felt as though they were going to collapse. It seems an absurd statement to make, and yet I think some of us can understand the sensation. Though the hymn is "triumphant," in a sense there is a certain sadness running through it which almost brings the tears to one's eyes. The melody with which it is inse-

parably associated, though not specially composed for it, also has a certain mournfulness which admirably suits the suppressed exultation of the words, and may perhaps in some measure account for the feeling of depression which the hymn sometimes produces.

Mr. Stone altered the hymn a good deal after its publication in 1866, changing certain verses, omitting others, and substituting stanzas which were written after the hymn had appeared in a considerable number of collections. The version as given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is the one most widely known. It has been translated into many languages and finds a place in nearly all missionary hymnals.

"The Church's one Foundation" has been sung on many memorable occasions, perhaps the most striking being in 1888 when special services were held, in connexion with the Lambeth Conference, at Canterbury Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral. At each of these services "The Church's one Foundation" was sung and produced a profound impression. By one who was present at St. Paul's on this occasion I was told that the effect was almost appalling. It made a more lasting impression on his mind than anything else connected with that historic service.

Only a very short time before his death in 1901 I received a letter from this great hymnist written in a trembling hand. He apologized for the poorness of the writing, excusing himself with the remark that he was dying and therefore unable to produce good penmanship. Two days later he breathed his last, and the Church was the poorer by the loss of a great man. He lies buried in the yard of the church over which he had presided for so many years—St. Paul's, Haggerston.

On a processional hymn by St. Joseph of the Studium Dr. Neale based his very beautiful :—

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

On Dr. Neale's own confession this hymn may almost be regarded as original, seeing that there is in it very little that can be traced to St. Joseph. In most collections it is headed "The fellowship of His sufferings," and given exactly as Dr. Neale wrote it, no alteration being made whatever. The melody with which this hymn has been associated almost from the year of its translation was composed by J. H. Knecht towards the close of the eighteenth century.

A hymn which was specially written with the object of its being sung as a children's processional is "Brightly gleams our banner." It is an immense favourite in the country where Sunday school processions take place almost every other day throughout the summer. It is probably quite as well known as "Onward, Christian soldiers" and as frequently sung. The following verse makes it particularly suited for children :—

Pattern of our childhood,
  Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
  Pure and meek and mild.
In the hour of danger,
  Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, our Saviour,
  Only unto Thee?
    Brightly gleams our banner,
      Pointing to the sky,
    Waving on Christ's soldiers
      To their home on high!

This hymn was written by the Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter about the year 1858. It has been considerably altered, the verses which had special application to Roman Catholics having been eliminated. The refrain to this hymn in many collections runs :—

Brightly gleams our banner,
  Pointing to the sky,

Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

This is the only hymn of Mr. Potter's which is to be found in the ordinary hymnal. He wrote a few others, which have been published in collections of limited circulation, and which have long since been forgotten. The author was a man of much learning and the writer of many prose works. He dabbled in fiction as a recreation from his more serious work, and several of his short stories appeared in various journals. Though brought up a Protestant he at the early age of twenty joined the Roman Catholic faith, and subsequently took great interest in foreign missionary work. He died in Ireland in 1873 at the age of forty-six.

"Hail the day that sees Him rise," though primarily a hymn for Ascension, is so often sung as a processional that I think no apology is needed for placing it in this chapter. It is one of Charles Wesley's most successful compositions and was written before he had reached the age of thirty. It has probably undergone more alterations at the hands of editors than any other of Charles Wesley's hymns, very few collections giving precisely similar versions.

In four hymnals before me of wide circulation it

is interesting to compare the different versions. In Charles Wesley's collection the first verse reads :—

> Hail the day that sees Him rise,
> Ravished from our wishful eyes!
> Christ, awhile to mortals given,
> Reascends his native heaven.

In another collection this verse has been changed to :—

> Hail the day that sees Him rise,
> Alleluia!
> To His Throne above the skies;
> Alleluia!
> Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
> Alleluia!
> Enters now the highest heav'n.
> Alleluia!

In the *Church Hymnary* it is given as Charles Wesley wrote it, but in stanzas of eight lines each instead of four. In Thring's collection, besides being considerably altered, each line ends with "Hallelujah!"

A very successful processional hymn by a living writer is :—

> Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
> Listen while we sing;
> Hearts and voices raising
> Praises to our King.

This hymn in the original consists of nine

stanzas of eight lines each, but in the majority of hymnals it has been reduced to six or seven. The following verse is very often omitted :—

> Farther, even farther
> From Thy wounded side
> Heedlessly we wandered,
> Wandered far and wide ;
> Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
> Seeking young and old,
> Lovingly to bear them,
> Saviour, to Thy fold.

There is no particular story connected with the writing of this hymn. In a letter received from the author some short time since, Prebendary Thring says :—

"I am sorry to say that I am quite unable to give you any account of the circumstances under which I wrote 'Saviour, blessèd Saviour,' as I made no note on the MS. It probably arose, like a great number of my compositions, from some thought which happened to be passing through my mind at the time. I wrote it a great number of years ago, as far back as 1862, and it was one of the first of the many hymns I have written, the very first having been composed in 1861."

Prebendary Thring has written a great number

of hymns for special occasions, such as church consecration, synods, friendly societies, consecration of a lych gate, etc., with music separately. His *Church of England Hymn Book*, one of the finest collections in the language, was published without music.

The late Dean Edward Hayes Plumtre is the author of that very fine processional hymn :—

> Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
> Rejoice, give thanks and sing ;
> Your festal banner wave on high,
> The Cross of Christ your King.

This hymn was written in 1865 and first sung in Peterborough Cathedral. The history of its origin is interesting. It appears that when the Peterborough Choral Union were arranging for their annual festival in 1865 Mr. Plumtre, as he was then, was asked to write a special processional hymn to be used in Peterborough Cathedral on the occasion of the festival. He readily consented to do so, and forthwith penned the hymn which has since become so popular, " Rejoice, ye pure in heart." The hymn was received with considerable favour, so much so, indeed, that the author subsequently printed it in a volume of his poems entitled *Lazarus*. It was there seen by Sir Henry Baker, who was at that time contemplating the first

appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* He wrote to the author requesting his permission to include it in his hymnal, a request which Mr. Plumtre cheerfully granted. Sir Henry immediately handed the hymn over to his musical editor, Dr. William Henry Monk, who wrote for it that very spirited and appropriate melody to which it has ever since been sung. In compliment to the place of its birth and the grand old cathedral where the lines were first publicly sung, the composer christened the tune "Peterborough." It may be mentioned that the composition was written with Dr. Monk's usual celerity, that is in some ten or fifteen minutes.

In some hymnals the following verse, one of the finest, is often omitted :—

> Bright youth and snow-crown'd age,
> Strong men and maidens meek,
> Raise high your free exulting song,
> God's wondrous praises speak.

"Rejoice, ye pure in heart" is not the only processional hymn Dean Plumtre wrote. His "March, march onward, soldiers true" is a very fine composition, especially when sung to the "March of the Israelites," for which it was written. It is not of course as well known as "Rejoice, ye pure in heart," though in many respects quite equal to

it in merit. Another processional hymn which Dean Plumtre wrote is "O praise the Lord our God," which is specially suited for a thanksgiving hymn. It was written about the same time as "Rejoice, ye pure in heart."

VIII

Communion Hymns

INCLUDED in the very large number of hymns which have been specially written for the office of Holy Communion are compositions by many of our greatest hymnists. Dr. Doddridge's "My God, and is Thy table spread" was written for the administration of the Holy Sacrament. Curiously enough, though it is, perhaps, the best known of all Doddridge's compositions in England and all English-speaking countries, its use in Scotland is very limited. Why this should be so it is difficult to say, seeing that many of Dr. Doddridge's other hymns are widely sung and appreciated in northern Britain.

"My God, and is Thy table spread," like the majority of Doddridge's hymns, was not published until after his death. This is probably to be ac-

counted for by the fact that during his lifetime when any of his compositions were sung they were usually given out line by line from the pulpit. There are, however, many manuscripts of this hymn in preservation, one being in the possession of Mrs. Allen, of Bristol. It is related that when his hymns became known Dr. Doddridge was asked by several members of his congregation for copies, and the good Doctor, with that simple-hearted kindliness which was his chiefest characteristic, would sit down and write out the special hymn required and afterwards present it to the applicant with a smile of peculiar sweetness. In this way many of Dr. Doddridge's manuscripts have come to be preserved and treasured for close upon one hundred and fifty years. Some of them are so fresh and clear that they might have been written but yesterday.

When Dr. Doddridge's Sacramental hymn was first published in 1755 it was given in six verses of four lines each, but in modern hymnals it now appears in a reduced form, one or other of the following verses being usually omitted:—

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor when we leave our Father's board
The pleasures or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
  And bid our drooping graces live;
And, more, that energy afford
  A Saviour's love alone can give.

In the hymnal which is said to have the largest circulation in the world, the following Doxology is given. It is not, however, by Dr. Doddridge:—

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
  Be praise and glory evermore.

This hymn is usually sung to a very beautiful melody called "Rockingham," by Dr. E. Miller. It is the same tune which is associated with "When I survey the wondrous Cross."

Among living hymnists who have given us compositions which have already taken a firm hold on the affections of the Church is the Rev. Vincent Stuckey Stratton Coles, the present Librarian of Pusey House, Oxford. Mr. Coles is the author of several hymns which are included in many modern hymnals, his most celebrated being the one he wrote for Holy Communion, "We pray Thee, Heavenly Father." This hymn was written while the author was curate of Wantage. Here Mr. Coles used to have large classes of young

people to prepare for confirmation, and it was for them that he specially wrote this hymn.

Since the inclusion of "We pray Thee, Heavenly Father" in many hymnals Mr. Coles has written a revised version, which has not, however, yet been published. He sends it to me with permission to reproduce, and as it differs in many respects from the original, I give it. Like the first version, it is in four stanzas of eight lines each. In some respects it is the finer hymn of the two:—

We pray Thee, Heavenly Father,
  To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
  The unction from above;
That so in love abiding,
  From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer,
  Our Eucharist to Thee.

All that we have we offer,
  For it is all Thine own;
All gifts by Thy appointment
  In bread and cup are shown;
One thing alone we bring not,
  The wilfulness of sin;
And all we bring is nothing,
  Save that which is within.

Within the pure oblation,
  Beneath the outward sign,
Through that His operation
  The Holy Ghost Divine,

Lies hid the Sacred Body,
  Lies hid the Precious Blood
Once slain, now ever glorious,
  Of Christ our Lord and God.

Wherefore though all unworthy
  To offer sacrifice,
We pray that this our duty
  Be pleasing in Thine eyes;
For thanks, and praise, and worship
  For mercy and for aid,
The catholic memorial
  Of Jesus Christ is made.

It will be noticed in comparing this hymn with the original that the first verse remains unchanged. Mr. Coles based his composition on the words "I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me." The very beautiful and appropriate tune to which this hymn is allied, known as "Dies Dominica," is by the late Dr. Dykes.

The best known of all Josiah Conder's hymns was written for use at Holy Communion. This is his very beautiful "Bread of Heaven! on Thee we feed," or as originally written, "Bread of Heaven! on Thee *I* feed." Mr. Charles E. Conder, son of the celebrated hymnist, tells me that the hymn was first published in the author's *Star of the East*, which appeared in 1824. It is there headed

"For the Eucharist," and preceded with the words taken from St. John :—"I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven. Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life. I am the true Vine."

The first verse of this hymn is usually given in an unaltered form with the exception of the change of "I" into "we." The second verse in the manuscript, however, reading as follows :—

> Vine of Heaven! Thy Blood supplies
> This blest cup of sacrifice.
> 'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
> From Thy veins I drink and live.
> Thou my life! Oh, let me be
> Rooted, grafted, built in Thee,

has been changed in nearly all hymnals to :—

> Vine of Heav'n! Thy Blood supplies
> This blest cup of sacrifice;
> Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
> To Thy Cross we look and live:
> Jesus, may we ever be
> Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

This hymn is contained in a large MS. volume consisting of 360 pages of close writing. Inscribed on the opening page is the following title :—"The Star of the East, with other Poems chiefly Religious and Domestic, by Josiah Conder." It contains odes to various people, a

large number of hymns, a very fine elegy on the death of Henry Kirke White, and a poem on Queen Caroline.

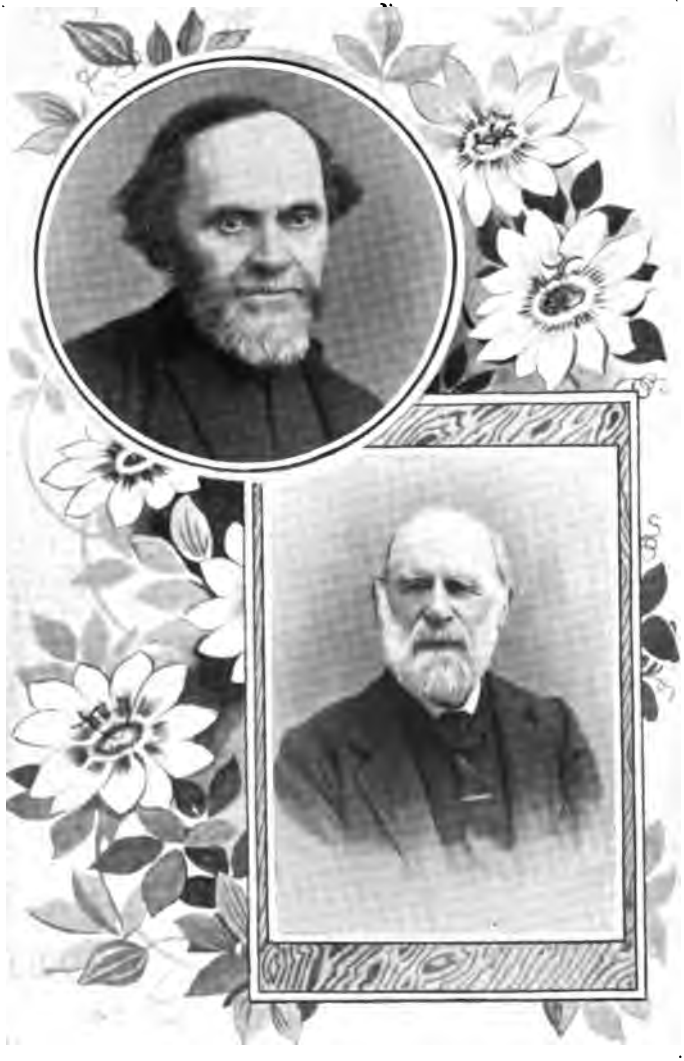
Among the hymns is one which has not been published. As it is quite as terse and beautiful as those which have already found their way into our hymnals, I give it with his son's permission :—

O God, whose all-creating might
  Gave birth to Nature's laws;
Whose Sovereign working day and night,
  Knows neither rest nor pause.

Let Thy redemptive work of grace
  Like light its course pursue,
Till earth's wide circle it embrace,
  Creating all things new.

Throughout the universe of mind
  Let light and healing spread:
Then, come, Deliverer of mankind,
  And wake the slumbering dead.

Mr. Conder tells me that his father was a very quick writer and very seldom altered his compositions when written. There is, unfortunately, no portrait of the late Mr. Conder in existence. His son possesses an old print depicting a group of people, in the midst of which the late hymnist appears, but it is so very minute that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. An



THE REV. CANON BRIGHT, D.D.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MR. ALBERT MIDLANE.
Photo by F. Quinton, Newport.

attempt was made some time ago to make an enlarged portrait of the hymnist from this group, but it proved a complete failure.

The sad and solemn air to which "Bread of Heaven! on Thee we feed" is invariably sung is by the present Archbishop of York, Dr. W. D. Maclagan.

The late Canon Bright was the author of several Communion hymns, the best and most widely known being "And now, O Father, mindful of the love," and "Once, only once, and once for all." Both these hymns first appeared in his volume of poems published in 1866. They soon attracted the eagle eye of Sir Henry Baker and subsequently appeared in his hymnal. A short while before his death Canon Bright sent me a manuscript copy of "And now, O Father, mindful of the Love," which I had hoped to reproduce, but unfortunately it has been mislaid. In sending me the composition Canon Bright wrote that he could remember nothing of interest regarding the circumstances under which he wrote it. He composed many hymns in his early life and the Holy Eucharist had a peculiar charm for him. The hymn in question was written in 1864, and as given in his volume of poems it is of considerable length. He reduced it for congregational

singing, and the hymn as it now appears really consists of verses taken from the longer poem.

"Once, only once, and once for all," was written about the same time as "And now, O Father," and is considered by some hymnists to be the finer of the two compositions, an opinion which I do not share. In some hymnals the following Doxology concludes the hymn; it is not, I believe, the work of Canon Bright:—

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

A hymn which was originally intended for use at Confirmation services, but which is now very frequently sung at Holy Communion, is Mrs. Maude's "Thine for ever! God of Love." This hymn, the author of which is a resident of Ruabon, was written as long ago as 1847. In a correspondence which I had with Mrs. Maude some few years since I learned the story of its composition, which is an interesting one.

"The hymn in question," wrote the authoress, "was written for my own class of young women in my late husband's then parish, St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight. In 1847 we had large Sunday

Schools, and I used to take a class of elder girls. They were being prepared for Confirmation by the Bishop of Winchester and I was helping them in their work when I was suddenly attacked by a serious illness. When I was somewhat recovered I went for a change to the sea-side, and while there I used to write many letters to my girls. In one of these letters I wrote, quite spontaneously, the hymn 'Thine for ever! God of Love.' It was no effort to me whatever, the words came unsought; and, without even correcting the lines, the hymn, together with the letter, was despatched. These letters were afterwards published in a magazine, and some months later on opening the new hymnal published by the Christian Knowledge Society I was very much astonished to see my own little composition. How it got there I have never found out to this day. It has been a matter of most genuine surprise to me that my simple lines should have met with such acceptance in many lands, and I can only feel humble and thankful that they have been of service to so many."

The MS. which Mrs. Maude sent me of this hymn consists of seven verses, but the following two stanzas, she explains, were never introduced into any hymnal :—

Thine for ever in that day
When the world shall pass away:
When the trumpet note shall sound,
And the nations underground

Shall the awful summons hear,
Which proclaims the judgment near.
Thine for ever. 'Neath Thy wings
Hide and save us, King of kings.

"It has been a real regret to me," continues Mrs. Maude's interesting letter, "and I have been for many years trying to draw attention to the matter, that in several collections the fourth verse has been altered without any reference to me. It often stands thus :—

'Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us Thy weak and trembling sheep.'

"Now the connection between Shepherd (as I wrote) and sheep is too obvious to need comment; but besides this, the title of Shepherd introduces a fresh and most endearing office of our Lord into the hymn, where Saviour had already occurred.

"Then 'us' is a most unmusical word to begin a line with, and moreover the thought of the verse is lost, for the first two lines are a prayer for the catechumens from the congregation :—

'Thine for ever! Shepherd keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;'

then the supplication reverts and embraces all present:—

'Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.'"

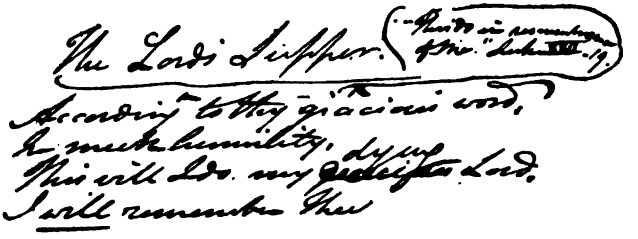
Mrs. Maude's complaint is a very reasonable one, and if any editor contemplating the publication of a new collection of hymns should see these lines, it is to be hoped that he will respect Mrs. Maude's wish and give the verse as she wrote it.

"O food that weary pilgrims love" is a translation from a Latin hymn, the author of which is unknown. It is said to have been written about the seventeenth century, and has been ascribed to various writers. Little reliance, however, can be placed on statements which, at the best, are the merest guesses. There have been many translations of the hymn, by far the most popular being that made by the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* The following verse is particularly fine and suggests Sir Henry Baker:—

Lord Jesus, Whom, by power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
We worship and adore,
Grant, when the veil away is roll'd,
With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.

Ray Palmer, the American hymnist, and author of "My Faith looks up to Thee," also made a translation of this hymn, the first line of which begins "O Bread to Pilgrims given." This version is not very well-known in England but in America it is a great favourite, and one of the most frequently sung of all Communion hymns.

James Montgomery never penned a more perfect or pathetic hymn than his one for Holy Communion. This composition :—


The Lord's Supper.
According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee

was written about the year 1824, and published a few months later in a collection of his hymns. In the original manuscript, kindly sent to me by a correspondent, this hymn is headed "The Lord's Supper," and in one corner Montgomery has written "This do in remembrance of Me." The second verse :—

> Thy Body, broken for my sake,
> My bread from Heaven shall be ;
> Thy testamental cup I take
> And thus remember Thee

does not appear to have been adhered to in all hymnals. In Thring's collection it has been changed to :—

> Thy Body, broken for my sake,
> My bread from Heaven shall be;
> The cup, Thy precious Blood, I take,
> And thus remember Thee.

It is interesting to note in the original MS. that Montgomery evidently desired that the words "will" and "me" in the first and last verses should be emphasised as he underlines both, the verses reading :—

> According to Thy gracious word,
> In meek humility,
> This will I do, my dying Lord,
> I *will* remember thee.
>
> And when these failing lips grow dumb,
> And mind and memory flee,
> When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
> Jesus, remember *me*.

This interesting manuscript is signed J. M., and the word "dying" in the first verse has been substituted for "precious," which the author has scored through.

James Montgomery wrote about 400 hymns, of which some sixty may be said to have come into common use. He was also the author of many

prose works and volumes of poems which have sunk into oblivion. Montgomery himself does not appear to have had any very great opinion of his poems if we are to judge from the reply he gave when a Whitby solicitor asked him which of his works would live. "None, sir," replied the outspoken poet, "nothing, except, perhaps, a few of my hymns." He was a true prophet, for to-day while his hymns are remembered his poems and prose works have long since been forgotten.

In the days of Pope Urban IV. the greatest of all Communion hymns was written—"Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium," known to present time celebrants by the translation, "Now, my tongue, the mystery telling." This version is the work of the late Edward Caswall. It has, however, been considerably altered by various compilers. Other translations have been made by Neale, Isaac Williams, J. W. Irons and many others, but none of these has gained the popularity enjoyed by that based on Edward Caswall's version.

A hymn, not specially written for the service of Communion, but one which is admirably suited to that season, is "Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All," by the Rev. Henry Collins. This hymn, with its very beautiful refrain :—

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh make me love Thee more and more,

has become a general favourite with all denominations, and is to be found in a considerable number of hymnals. Strangely enough, Faber also wrote a hymn beginning "Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All," in the same metre, and each verse concluding with the line "Oh make us love Thee more and more." Father Faber's hymn, however, does not appear to have found its way into any protestant hymnal.

Mr. Henry Collins is one of our living hymnists, though for a great number of years he has published nothing. So far as I have been able to ascertain only two hymns by this author have come into general use, the one already referred to and a very beautiful hymn for Passiontide, the first verse of which reads :—

Jesu, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying,

written on the text, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Though brought up a member, and ordained a minister, of the Church of England, Mr. Collins, in 1857, seceded to the Church of Rome, and soon

afterwards joined the Cistercian Order of Monks. In a short note received from him a year ago in answer to a request for a manuscript of his well-known hymn, I was informed that he was unable to send it as he now belonged to a cloistered order and therefore lived "apart from the world."

In placing Sir Henry Baker's exquisite version of the 23rd Psalm under this chapter, I do so by reason of the following verse, which appears to me to render it a suitable Communion hymn:—

> Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
> Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
> And oh, what transport of delight
> From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

"The King of Love my Shepherd is," was written by Sir Henry Baker in 1868 and published the same year in the appendix to his hymnal. It was one of the most popular of the new hymns, and Sir Henry was soon inundated with requests for permission to insert it in various collections, requests which he never refused. The author himself, I believe, wrote the first tune to this hymn, but, as it was not very successful, he sent the MS. to his friend, Dr. Dykes, who composed for it the very beautiful melody to which it has ever since been usually sung, and which he named "Dominus regit me." It will further be

remembered that one of the late Charles Gounod's most successful sacred songs was a setting of "The King of Love my Shepherd is."

Canon Ellerton, who was for many years a personal friend of Sir Henry Baker, says in a note on this hymn: "It may interest many to know that the verse:—

> Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
> But yet in love He sought me,
> And on His shoulder gently laid,
> And home, rejoicing, brought me,

was the last audible sentence upon the dying lips of the lamented author."

Sir Henry Baker's last work was an edition of the *Psalter and Canticles*, pointed and set to appropriate chants, ancient and modern, which he edited in conjunction with his friend, the late Dr. Monk. It is greatly appreciated wherever used, and deserves to be more widely circulated.

Besides being a hymnist, Sir Henry Baker was also something of a composer, several of the most popular tunes in his hymnal being from his own pen. Perhaps his most successful setting is that to "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" which he called "Stephanos," a beautiful melody, which is as widely known as the hymn itself. Though Sir

Henry possessed a wonderful ear for music and great creative gifts of melody, he was not a master of composition, and the harmonies of his hymn tunes were in every case made by Dr. Monk.

Hymns written on the Divine Love of Christ are specially suited for congregational singing during the administration of Holy Communion. Such a hymn is "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," and a more tender and beautiful composition it would be impossible to find in the whole range of hymnody. Was ever a more pathetic verse penned than the following:—

> Can a woman's tender care
> Cease towards the child she bare?
> Yes, she may forgetful be,
> Yet will I remember Thee.

"Hark, my soul!" was written by William Cowper about the year 1765, and afterwards published in the *Olney Hymn Book*. It was composed during that period, or soon after it, when the author was passing through a phase of melancholy which threatened to end in madness. One of his delusions is said to have been a conviction that he did not love his Maker with sufficient fervour, and the last verse of "Hark, my soul!" rather supports the supposition:—

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
From an Engraving.

MR. WILLIAM COWPER.
From the painting by F. Bartolozzi, Esq., R.A.

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

Of all Cowper's hymns this is the finest. It has been translated into many languages, and is to be found in every hymnal of any standing published during the last hundred years. It was one of the favourite hymns of the late W. E. Gladstone, who translated it into Italian a few years before his death.

As an instance of the curious ideas children sometimes associate with a hymn, I was told by a lady who was in the habit of singing hymns to her little girl, aged six, in order to coax her to go to sleep, that "Hark, my soul!" was the one which appeared to give the greatest amount of pleasure. One evening, on her mother singing a different hymn, the child complained and begged for "the other one" instead. Her mother, forgetting for the moment the hymn she meant, asked her how it began. The little one replied that she didn't know, but it was about the "she-bear!" This was how the childish mind had construed the meaning of the two lines:—

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?

There is only one recognized tune to "Hark, my soul!" though it is not improbable that many have been composed. This is "St. Bees," by the late Dr. Dykes. In connexion with the writing of this exquisitely tender setting to Cowper's lines, Mr. Bennet Kaye, of Durham, who was at one time assistant organist at Dr. Dyke's church, tells me an incident which is not without interest. "Dr. Dykes," Mr. Kaye says, "used frequently to come to the boys' rehearsals before morning service and begin practising with them the music of the day. Presently he would drift into something fresh, and the boys would remain perfectly still and listen entranced. On one occasion he wandered into a particularly beautiful melody, playing it over several times. The air made a lasting impression upon me, and afterwards, when it came to be published, I recognized in the tune to 'Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,' the melody which had so greatly attracted me. Dr. Dykes named the tune 'St. Bees,' from a little place where he had passed many pleasant hours."

Henry Kirke White's "Oft in sorrow, oft in woe," or, as originally written, "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," I place among Communion hymns on the strength of the first verse, in which there appears to be an intention on the part of the

author that the composition should be used as a Sacramental hymn :—

> Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
> Onward, Christians, onward go,
> Fight the fight, and worn with strife ;
> Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

This hymn has a curious history. When it was written is unknown, for it was not seen until after the death of the author. Soon after his decease, in 1806, his unpublished compositions were gathered together by a relative. Among the numerous papers which he had left behind were several sheets of ordinary foolscap, on which the young poet had evidently been working out problems in algebra. On the back of one of these papers was the hymn beginning, " Much in sorrow, oft in woe."

The hymn, as given in present-day hymnals, has been very much altered and added to, and the history of this alteration and addition is as interesting as the story connected with the finding of the original composition. In 1827 Mrs. Fuller-Maitland published a volume of hymns and included in it a new version of "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," written by her daughter Frances, a little girl barely fourteen years of age. It is this version, partly Henry Kirke White and partly Frances Fuller-Maitland,

which has become the most popular, being given in nearly all hymnals. The following are the verses which were composed by little Frances Fuller-Maitland :—

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

I had hoped to have been able to give a facsimile of this hymn, thinking that so interesting a MS. would have been certain of preservation. I therefore wrote to Mr. Potter Briscoe, the principal librarian of Nottingham Free Library, the town where Kirke White was born, and where he lived for many years, asking for information respecting the poet's MSS. In reply, however, Mr. Briscoe says: "After many years of watching, I have at last arrived at the reluctant conclusion that there are no Kirke White MSS. in existence. I have been collecting material for a new edition of

White's poems for many years, and my researches would certainly have brought them to light had they existed. Some years ago the housekeeper to the late Rev. Kirke Vivyan became possessed of MSS. of Kirke White and burnt them."

It is somewhat surprising to note how few are the hymns which have been specially written for the occasion—so impressive to the young—of first Communion. Nevertheless, though this is so, there are several hymns more particularly suited to those who are about to partake of their first Eucharist, and among these is one which, in hymnody, is accorded a very high place. I refer to:—

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end,

by the late Mr. J. E. Bode. In a little volume dealing with the "First Communion," which I saw in the hands of a young communicant the other day, the following verse, taken from this hymn, had been inscribed on the title-page:—

Oh let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

A more appropriate quotation could hardly have been chosen; it is one which should be inscribed in all Communion books presented to young celebrants.

Mr. Bode was the author of two volumes of verse, one of which contained hymns specially suited to the festivals of the Church. With the exception of "O Jesus, I have promised," very few, however, have gained any great hold on the public, and, in consequence, the author might be classed among the "one-hymn" writers. It is noticeable that, though Mr. Bode wrote in the original "O *Jesus*, I have promised," it has been changed in the majority of hymnals to "O *Jesu*, I have promised," but probably more for the sake of euphony than anything else. In all other respects the hymn appears exactly as the author wrote it —rather remarkable, considering the popularity to which it has attained.

"O Jesus, I have promised" was written about the year 1866, during the time when Mr. Bode was rector of Castle Camps, Cambridge. Like "Thine for ever, God of Love," and several other hymns, it was specially composed for the author's Confirmation classes It was not then sung to the melody which has become so familiar to us and which was specially written for it by Mr. J.

W. Elliott. This well-known tune, which the composer called "Day of Rest," has since come to be associated also with that very fine temperance hymn by the late Mr. S. J. Stone:—

O Thou before whose Presence
  Nought evil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mercy
  Down on this world of sin;
Oh give us noble purpose
  To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like tender pity
  To seek the lost for Thee.

Mr. Bode, after fourteen years of unremitting labour at Castle Camps, died in that town in 1874 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight.

Another hymn which is also very suitable for communicants who are attending their first celebration is:—

O happy day that fixed my choice
  On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
  And tell its raptures all abroad.

This hymn, which is very frequently used at Confirmations, was written by Dr. Phillip Doddridge and published after his death. Though in the original it consists of five verses, these have in many collections been reduced to four, the verse generally omitted being the third:—

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

Tennyson was once credited with having written this hymn, the mistake being due to a young reporter whose visits to church were probably few and far between. It appears that at the request of the late Queen Victoria "O happy day that fixed my choice" was sung at the Confirmation of one of the Royal children. The following day it was reported in one of the leading London journals that the hymn had been specially composed for the occasion by Tennyson, the Poet Laureate. Together with this startling announcement appeared some critical comments to the effect that if the Poet Laureate could write nothing better it was high time that objection was raised to his receiving national pay!

"O happy day that fixed my choice" is one of Doddridge's most successful hymns, and is to be found in a large number of hymnals though the one which is said to have the largest circulation omits it. It has been translated into numerous languages and is included in a great number of foreign missionary hymnals. It has never been very fortunate with regard to its

setting, the melody to which it is usually sung being somewhat commonplace.

"When I survey the wondrous Cross," though originally intended for Good Friday services, is equally suited to Holy Communion. Written early in the eighteenth century by Isaac Watts, it has long since come to be regarded as that author's greatest hymn. Strangely enough it is not found in so large a number of collections as many other hymns of lesser importance. In the original it consisted of five verses, but the following is now more frequently omitted than inserted :—

His dying crimson, like a robe,
  Spreads o'er His Body like a tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
  And all the Globe is dead to me.

A story is related in connexion with "When I survey the wondrous Cross" which may be taken as an example of the absolutely meaningless manner in which a congregation will sometimes sing a hymn. It is told, I believe, of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. It was in his early manhood, before the days of those large offertories which were so ungrudgingly given during his ministry at the Tabernacle. His congregation had finished singing "When I survey the wondrous

Cross" and Mr. Spurgeon was in the pulpit preparatory to beginning his discourse when, gazing somewhat mournfully upon his flock, he said: "Brethren, we have just finished singing Isaac Watts' grand hymn: the last words you uttered were these,—

> Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
> That were a present far too small;
> Love so amazing, so Divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Then softly repeating the lines—

> Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
> That were a present far too small,

he suddenly electrified his hearers by demanding whether they knew what the collection amounted to that morning. Without waiting for a reply, he quickly added, "I will tell you. Seventeen shillings and a penny. The whole realm of nature, of course, is not yours to give, but you can surely afford more than a paltry seventeen shillings and a penny. It is an insult to your Maker. Perhaps you did not realize what you were singing. I feel sure you did not, and in order that you may not go away unhappy there will be another collection at the close of the service."

Whether the story is true or not I cannot say

but it is certainly eminently characteristic of the great preacher.

In some collections the following Doxology has been added to "When I survey the wondrous Cross." It is not, however, by Watts—

> To Christ, who won for sinners grace
> By bitter grief and anguish sore,
> Be praise from all the ransomed race
> For ever and for evermore.

The greatest of all Charles Wesley's hymns, "Jesu, Lover of my soul" may, I think, be given a place in this chapter in consideration of the frequency with which it is sung during the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Written for those who were passing through any period of special anxiety or temptation, it has been a comfort to countless thousands. The date of its composition indicates that it was one of the first of Charles Wesley's hymns, being written soon after the author had completed his thirtieth year. I had hoped to have been able to give a reproduction in facsimile of this hymn from the manuscripts in the keeping of the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, but though we both searched untiringly through fourteen volumes we failed to bring it to light. Mr. Kelly, who has had a further search since, has reluctantly

come to the conclusion that it is not among those MSS. placed under his charge.

Few hymns have had prettier legends woven about their birth than "Jesu, Lover of my soul." Every one, of course, knows the story of the sea-bird which flew to Charles Wesley's breast for protection from the storm. Equally well known is that which tells how a dove hunted by a hawk sought safety in a similar refuge. These and many other incidents have been associated with the great hymn, and perhaps we should be glad to think that some of them are true. Whether they are or not it is impossible to say. Certainly they have never been conclusively proved absolutely devoid of foundation. There is an old saying that a man should be believed until he has proved himself unworthy of belief, and the same maxim, with a slight variation, may be applied to these pretty stories regarding the greatest of all great hymns.

IX

Hymns for Holy Matrimony, Missions, and "Those at Sea"

THE number of hymns specially written for use at marriage ceremonies is not great, and of these only four may be said to have come into general favour. The one which now appears to be universally sung at all classes of weddings is Mrs. Dorothy Gurney's :—

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

This hymn was written in 1883. "I wrote it," says the authoress in a letter before me, "for the wedding of my sister, now Mrs. Hugh Redmayne. It was written some few weeks before her marriage. The story of its composition is a very simple one and I gladly tell you the circumstances connected with it. We were all singing hymns one Sunday

evening, and had just finished 'O Strength and Stay,' the tune to which was an especial favourite of my sister's, when some one remarked what a pity it was that the words should be unsuitable for a wedding. My sister, turning suddenly to me, said :—' What is the use of a sister who composes poetry if she cannot write me new words to this tune.' I picked up a hymn-book and said :— ' Well, if nobody will disturb me I will go into the library and see what I can do.' After about fifteen minutes I came back with the hymn 'O perfect Love' and there and then we all sang it to the tune of 'Strength and Stay.' It went perfectly and my sister was delighted, saying that it must be sung at her wedding. For two or three years it was sung privately at many London weddings and then it found its way into the hymnals. The writing of it was no effort whatever after the initial idea had come to me of the two-fold aspect of perfect union, love and life, and I have always felt that God helped me to write it."

In the great dearth of marriage hymns "O perfect Love" was so much welcomed that it is now to be found in almost every sort of hymnal of the Christian Church. The authoress has received letters regarding it from all parts of the world, and it has been translated into many languages. Sir

Joseph Barnby set it to music for the wedding of the Princess Louise of Wales, and few fashionable marriages are now celebrated without it being sung. Mrs. Gurney says she is thankful that what she intended for one family only has been so great a help and pleasure to others.

The melody for which this hymn was written is one by the late Dr. Dykes which he specially composed for John Ellerton's translation of the Latin hymn :—

> O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,
> Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
> Yet day by day the light in due gradation
> From hour to hour through all its changes guide.

" O perfect Love " goes excellently to this tune, in fact it seems to suit it rather better than the one composed by Dr. Barnby.

" The Voice that breathed o'er Eden " has long since been a favourite wedding hymn. It is usually sung at the commencement of the ceremony and its plaintive melody gives to it a touch of what may be described as a happy solemnity. It was written by John Keble when he had reached the age of sixty-five, and he therefore never lived to see the day when it would be sung at nearly every wedding in the land. It has been slightly altered from time to time by various

hymnal editors and the following verse is usually omitted :—

> For dower of blessèd children,
> For love and faith's sweet sake,
> For high mysterious union
> Which nought on earth may break.

In many cases the first line of the fourth verse "Be present, awful Father" has been changed to "Be present, Holy Father" which is an improvement.

The "Voice that breathed o'er Eden" is interesting not only by reason of the great popularity to which it has attained, but also from the fact that it was probably one of the last hymns the author ever penned. No other of Keble's hymns which has gained any degree of celebrity bears a later date than this one and it appeared in no work by him published during his life. It was written by special request and has proved but another instance of the success which occasionally attends the writing of a hymn "to order."

The melody with which this hymn is usually associated and which is known by the title of "St. Alphege," was not specially written for it though there is a general impression to the contrary. It appears that the late Dr. Gauntlett really wrote the tune to "Brief life is here our portion" but it

was afterwards found to suit Keble's hymn so well that a new tune was thought to be unnecessary. It has therefore ever since been usually sung to "St. Alphege."

"How welcome was the call," another very popular marriage hymn, was written by the late Sir Henry Baker for the first edition of his hymnal. At that time there was actually only one other wedding hymn of any degree of popularity in existence, and that was Keble's "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden." Sir Henry saw, therefore, how essential it was that at least a couple of marriage hymns should appear in his hymnal and he wrote "How welcome was the call," which was set to music by his friend Dr. Gauntlett. Though the extreme scarcity of marriage hymns may be in some way accountable for its immediate success, it is undeniably one of the best of the author's many beautiful hymns and in every way deserving of its great popularity.

The hymn, of course, is based on the words taken from St. John: "Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage," the author taking as his subject the wedding feast at Cana.

No MS. of "How welcome was the call" appears to be in existence. Indeed, without

exception, all the hymnal manuscripts of Sir Henry Baker seem to have been either destroyed or lost. Probably the very fact of his being the editor of the hymnal for which his compositions were written would account for his carelessness regarding their preservation in manuscript, and it is not at all unlikely that when they were returned from the printers he threw them into the waste-paper basket. In a letter received some time ago from the Chairman to the Committee of the hymnal with which Sir Henry's name is inseparably associated I was informed that no manuscript of any of Sir Henry Baker's hymns was known to exist, and the same information has been given me since by many relatives of the late hymnist.

"How welcome was the call" is one of the few hymns which have escaped alteration, appearing in all collections exactly as the author wrote it.

Another marriage hymn which, like "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," owes its origin to a request received from a friend, is the late John Ellerton's :—

O Father, all-creating,
  Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
  In Eden's primal hour,

To-day, to these Thy children
  Thine earliest gift renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
  A love by Thee kept true.

A somewhat interesting incident is connected with this hymn. It was written when Canon Ellerton was Rector of Barnes, and at the special request of the late Duke of Westminster. It appears that a short while before the marriage of his daughter to the Marquis of Ormonde, the Duke either wrote to, or saw, Canon Ellerton and asked him if he would be willing to compose a hymn for the occasion. The hymnist cheerfully consented and a few days later sent the Duke the MS. of "O Father, all-creating" with which his Grace was very much pleased. This was in 1876 but it was not until four years later that it appeared in any hymnal, the first to publish it being Prebendary Thring in his well-known collection. In that hymnal it appears in a slightly altered form, the first lines having been changed from the original to :—

O Father, all-creating,
  Whose wisdom and whose power
First bound two lives together
  In Eden's primal hour.

The omission of the word "love" rather detracts from the beauty of the verse,

This is not the only hymn Canon Ellerton wrote "to order." Indeed, he was accustomed to receive requests for hymns on all sorts of subjects, sometimes from people he had never seen. In many cases when the subject suggested was one on which he considered a hymn would be useful he complied with the request, and in this way many of his hymns are said to have originated.

The most popular of all missionary hymns is undoubtedly "From Greenland's icy mountains" by Bishop Heber. It was written as far back as 1819 at Wrexham, where Heber's father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was vicar. The story of its composition is one which has been told many times but which will bear repetition. Briefly, the circumstances are these. On Whitsunday Dr. Shipley was to preach in Wrexham Church a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Reginald Heber, then Vicar of Hodnet, happened to be staying at the vicarage at the time. On the Saturday preceding Whitsunday the Dean, Heber and a few friends were collected together in the library, when the Dean asked his son-in-law to write something for them to sing in the morning—something appropriate to the subject on which his discourse would be based. Heber, readily consenting,

THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
From a Painting.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, D.D.
From the painting by T. Phillips, Esq., R.A.

retired to the further end of the room for the purpose.

After some fifteen minutes silence Dr. Shipley called out and asked what he had written, to which Heber replied by reading aloud :—

From Greenland's Icy Mountains,
From India's Coral Strand,
Where Africa's Sunny fountains
Roll down their Golden Sand,

and so on to the end of the third verse. His listeners were delighted and would have had the hymn remain without any addition, but Heber answered "No, the sense is not complete," and silence reigning once more he quickly wrote the fourth verse :—

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

He afterwards gave the hymn to the Dean, who turned a deaf ear to his subsequent requests to be

allowed to write another verse. The next morning it was sung for the first time in Wrexham Church.

The original MS. of "From Greenland's icy mountains" was for many years in the possession of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, himself a hymn-writer of some note. Popular tradition round Wrexham has it that a compositor in the printing works sold the MS. for a pint of ale; but it is far more likely that Dr. Raffles obtained it direct from the printer who was a personal friend of his. A few years since Dr. Raffles' effects were sold and among other objects of interest put up for auction was this identical MS. After some spirited bidding it was "knocked down" to an unknown buyer for the sum of forty guineas. On the authority of the auctioneer the MS. is now in America.

"From Greenland's icy mountains" is one of the finest examples of spontaneous writing we possess. It was written in twenty minutes, which gives an average of five minutes to each verse of eight lines, and the only correction Heber ever made was in the second verse where he substitutes the word "heathen" for that of "savage."

Among the many fine hymns by the late Rev. S. J. Stone, none, to my thinking, has ever sur-

passed the one he wrote for Foreign Missions in 1871 :—

> Through midnight gloom from Macedon
> The cry of myriads as of one,
> The voiceful silence of despair
> Is eloquent in awful prayer,
> The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
> "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

It is equal in all respects to his "The Church's one Foundation," and some of the stanzas surpass it. Few finer verses were ever written than the fourth :—

> Yet with that cry from Macedon
> The very car of Christ rolls on ;
> "I come—who would abide My day
> In yonder wilds prepare My way ;
> My voice is crying in their cry ;
> Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

Mr. Stone based this hymn on the words taken from the Acts of the Apostles :—"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night ; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them."

"Through midnight gloom from Macedon"

is not the only mission hymn Mr. Stone has written, though it is by far the best known. His "Far off our brethren's cry" and "Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet," both written about the same time as his more popular hymn, are very fine and deserve to be in every hymnal.

A hymn for Foreign Missions, written by the late Mr. Henry Downton takes a high place among such compositions. This is :—

Lord! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil:
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

This hymn was written at Geneva, where Mr. Downton was Resident English Chaplain, and it owes its origin to the intense interest the author took in all matters connected with Foreign Missions. He was a frequent visitor to the Society's meetings, and it was during one of these gatherings that the desire to write a hymn suited to such occasions came to him. In the year 1866, some time previous to the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Downton wrote the hymn "Lord! her watch Thy Church is

keeping." It was subsequently sung at the meeting for that year, though to what tune I am unable to say. When it came to be inserted in the hymnals it was usually associated with Smart's setting entitled "Everton," a tune which was originally written for Ellerton's "King of Saints, to whom the number."

Mr. Downton, who was for many years Rector of Hopton, was the author of several volumes of prose works as well as a book of hymns and short poems. From the latter several compositions have been taken for various collections, though not one of them has obtained the great popularity which his mission hymn enjoys. In America "Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping" is an especial favourite and vies with "The Church's one Foundation" in point of popularity. It has been translated into various languages and dialects, and is to be found in many missionary hymnals.

To Isaac Watts we owe that very fine hymn, which has for so many years been almost indispensable at all meetings held in connexion with Foreign Missions :—

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run ;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
> Till suns shall rise and set no more.

This hymn forms the second part of Dr. Watts' metrical version of the 72nd Psalm, and must have been written very early in the eighteenth century. In most hymnals the following verses are omitted :—

> For Him shall endless prayer be made,
> And praises throng to crown His Head ;
> His name like sweet perfume shall rise
> With every morning sacrifice.
>
> Where He displays His healing power,
> Death and the curse are known no more :
> In Him the tribes of Adam boast
> More blessings than their father lost.

From Mr. G. J. Stevenson's *Notes on the Methodist Hymn Book*, I quote the following, which has special reference to "Jesus shall reign" :—

"Perhaps one of the most interesting occasions on which this hymn was used was that on which King George, the sable, of the South Sea Islands, but of blessed memory, gave a new constitution to his people, exchanging a heathen for a Christian form of government. Under the spreading branches of the banyan trees sat some thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa, on Whitsunday, 1862, assembled for Divine worship. Foremost amongst them all sat King George himself. Around him were seated old chiefs and

warriors who had shared with him the dangers and fortunes of many a battle—men whose eyes were dim, and whose powerful frames were bowed down with the weight of years. But old and young alike rejoiced together in the joys of that day, their faces most of them radiant with Christian joy, love, and hope. It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the solemn service began, by the entire audience singing Dr. Watts' hymn :—

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
> Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Who so much as they could realize the full meaning of the poet's words? for they had been rescued from the darkness of heathenism and cannibalism and they were that day met for the first time under a Christian constitution, under a Christian king, and with Christ Himself reigning in the hearts of most of those present. That was indeed Christ's kingdom set up in the earth."

Of all missionary hymns, "Jesus shall reign," is probably the best known. It has been written now for close upon two hundred years, and in all likelihood it was one of the first hymns introduced into heathen countries penetrated by English

missionaries. It has been translated into more languages and dialects than any other of Dr. Watts' hymns, and it would probably be a difficult matter to find a present day missionary hymnal in which it is not included.

The favourite setting to which this hymn is usually sung, and which is known by the title of "Galilee," was composed by the late Dr. Philip Armes.

A mission hymn which has gained a good deal of popularity during the last half century is :—

Thou, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

The metre of this hymn naturally suggests the National Anthem, and on many occasions it has been sung to the same melody. Whether it was written with this idea it would be somewhat difficult to say. It is not at all unlikely, however, that the author considered it would be to the advantage of a hymn if it were written to a tune already known practically all over the world, and that by a happy inspiration he

hit on the National Anthem. The hymn was written early in the nineteenth century by the Rev. J. Marriott, who was for many years Rector of Church Lawford. So far as I can discover Mr. Marriott was the author of very few hymns, and of these the only one which can be said to have come into general use is his "Thou, Whose Almighty Word." Mr. Marriott died in 1825 at the early age of forty-six.

"Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass" is James Montgomery's best known mission hymn. It is said to have been written while the author was in prison doing penance for an injudicious article published in his paper, the *Sheffield Iris*. Whether this is so or not it would be difficult to say; there is certainly no record to this effect in the poet's life. It is true that he underwent several terms of imprisonment, but that was during his early days, ere he had reached his twenty-fifth year, and long before any of his hymns were published. In a little volume which was issued soon after his terms of imprisonment had expired, and which he called *Prison Amusements*, no hymns appear. In all probability, therefore, "Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass" has no connexion whatever with his prison life.

Montgomery took the greatest interest in all

foreign missions, and by his lectures and influence did much to spread the good work of sending missionaries into foreign lands.

In some hymnals the following verses contained in "Lift up your heads" are omitted:—

A holy war those servants wage,
  In that mysterious strife;
The powers of Heaven and hell engage
  For more than death or life.

Follow the Cross; the ark of peace
  Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
  From bondage and from wrath.

This hymn is to be found in most collections used by foreign missionaries, and is well-known in the mission fields of India, Western Africa and China. It is usually sung to Myles Foster's "Crucis Victoria" (originally written for Isaac Watts' hymn, "Give us the wings of faith to rise") or to a melody from Este's Psalter, and known by the title of "Winchester." This latter tune is more closely associated with "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," but suits the mission hymn very well. The melody dates back to the year 1592.

One of the finest missionary hymns in the language comes to us from an American source.

This is "Saviour, sprinkle many nations," by the late Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. This hymn was begun in America in 1850, one Good Friday. Bishop Coxe could not finish it at the time, and it was laid aside to await the day when the spirit should move him to complete it. The following year he visited England, and while walking in the grounds of Magdalen College, Oxford, the thought occurred to him that "Saviour, sprinkle many nations" was still uncompleted. He therefore took a scrap of paper from his pocket and with a pencil wrote the concluding verse to this very beautiful hymn.

I cannot refrain from quoting the second stanza of this hymn which appears to me to be one of the very finest eight line verses in the language :—

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
  Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
  Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
  As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
  Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Curiously enough this hymn, together with many others by the same author, though found in a great number of collections has been omitted from the American Episcopal hymnal. Of course

there is a reason for this and it is a very simple one. Bishop Coxe unfortunately happened to be on the committee appointed to select the hymns for a new collection to be issued in connexion with his own diocese. The hymns were selected by ballot, and he begged the committee as a favour to abstain from voting for any of his own compositions. They respected his wish, and, in consequence, though his hymns are published in every other collection in America, they do not appear in that used by his own Church.

After fulfilling the arduous duties of Bishop of Western New York for thirty-one years, Dr. Coxe died at Buffalo in 1896, at the age of seventy-eight.

"God of mercy, God of grace," by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, is generally looked upon as a mission hymn, and is to be found in several collections used in the mission field. It was one of Mr. Lyte's earliest hymns and was written, not at Berry Head, the birthplace of "Abide with me," but at Burton House, about a mile distant from the more historic building. This house, which is situated in Lower Brixham (Berry Head is also in the lower town) was the residence of Mr. Lyte for many years. On each side of the entrance to the house are very fine weeping willows, and residents

will tell you that they were planted by the late hymnist himself, and further, that they came originally from Napoleon's grave. Dr. Mayer, the present resident of Burton House, however, tells me that though it is quite true that Mr. Lyte planted there a couple of trees which he brought as saplings from St. Helena, he fears they are not the two which now flourish so healthily in the front garden of his house. I was shown the remains of two other trees which had long since shed their last leaves, and these, it is thought, were the ones planted by Mr. Lyte about the year 1825.

"God of mercy, God of grace," which is written in the same metre as the author's well-known "Pleasant are Thy courts above," with the exception that the verses consist of six lines instead of eight, is to be found in his volume of hymns called *The Spirit of the Psalms.* It has not been altered by hymnal editors and appears in the majority of collections exactly as it was written.

Mr. Percival H. W. Almy, the author of *Scintillae Carmenis*, a volume of poems which should rank high among the works of our minor poets, in an interesting and appreciative account of Mr. Lyte's life published some years ago, says

that among the most attractive characteristics of the hymnist was his passionate love for animals.

"One of his pets," writes Mr. Almy, "was a tame eagle. This eagle 'chummed' with a certain jackdaw—an impudent, republican sort of jackdaw, who waxed insolent and publicly abused his feathered majesty. The royal bird upon the first opportunity seized the miscreant and killed and ate him.

"In a field that at one time belonged to Mr. Lyte, just outside the town of Brixham, reposes all that is mortal of honest 'Var.' The tomb is let into a high bank, and the tablet that marks the spot bears the following inscription:—

Here lies
"V A R,"
Lap-dog of the Rt. Honourable Lady Farnham.

Breathe, gentle spring, breathe on this grassy mound,
And sing ye birds, and bloom ye flowers around,
Ye suns and dews make green the resting-place
Of honest Var, the noblest of his race;
Gentle yet fearless, active, fond and true,
He reads, proud man, a lesson here to you,
And bids you (happy might you hear) to be
Guiltless in life and calm in death as he.
Go, and as faithful to your Master prove,
As firm in duty and as strong in love,
You will not find this moment here misspent
In musing o'er a spaniel's monument.

May, 1826.

"These lines are Mr. Lyte's own composition, and I had considerable difficulty in deciphering them. This genuine relic of a great man is in a sad state of decay."

A hymn which is a general favourite with home missions is Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am, without one plea." There is a generally credited story that the writing of this famous hymn was due to the following incident:—

"One day the pastor of a small church met in the street a young member of his congregation on her way to be fitted for a new dress which she contemplated wearing at an approaching ball. After she had told him her errand he said to her, 'I wish you would give up your life of vanity and become a Christian, and lead a godly life. Will you not stay away from the ball because I wish you to do so?' She answered, 'I wish you would mind your own business,' and bidding him a cheerful good-bye, went on her way."

That girl is supposed to have been the authoress of "Just as I am"—Miss Charlotte Elliott. The story goes on to say that she went to the ball and danced through the night. When she returned, tired and weary, her conscience smote her, and she went the next day to her pastor and asked his forgiveness for the words she had spoken.

"'I am the most wretched girl in the world,' she said. 'What must I do to be saved?' The pastor directed her to come to God just as she was. 'What! just as I am?' she exclaimed in astonishment. 'Yes,' replied the pastor, 'just as you are.' On her return home she knelt beside her bed and prayed to God to accept her just as she was; then, rising from her knees, she got out her writing materials and wrote the well-known hymn:—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come."

This little story, charming though it is, cannot be relied upon; for the hymn was written in 1834, when Miss Elliott was forty-five years old—an age at which she could hardly be referred to as a "young girl."

From Mrs. Synge, a niece of the authoress, I some time ago received an interesting and authentic account of the origin of this most popular hymn.

"In 1834," says Mrs. Synge, "Miss Elliott was residing at Brighton, in a house long since pulled down, called Westfield Lodge. Her brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, having conceived the plan of

erecting a college at Brighton for the education of the daughters of the poorer clergy, a bazaar was held in order to assist in raising the necessary money. All the members of Westfield Lodge were busy—all except Charlotte, who was weak and ill. The night before the bazaar she lay tossing on her bed, consumed with the thoughts of her own apparent uselessness.

"The day of the bazaar came, and Charlotte still lay upon her sofa. She continued in deep thought long after every one had gone to the bazaar; then came a sudden feeling of peace and contentment. Taking a sheet of paper from the table beside her she wrote the verses by which her name is now held most dear, without any apparent effort.

"When her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. V. Elliott, returned, she found the hymn, neatly written out, lying on the table. She read it and then asked for a copy. In 1845 it was printed in the form of a leaflet, without the knowledge of the authoress. It was unsigned, and a short time afterwards a friend brought a copy and gave it to Miss Elliott with the words, 'I am sure this will please you.'

Like Dr. Doddridge, Charlotte Elliott was an invalid for the greater part of her life. She lived to the age of eighty-two, and her compositions are to be found in every hymnal published during the

last fifty years. Referring one day to "Just as I am," the brother of the late hymnist stated:—"In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labour, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

I much regret that I am unable to show a MS. of "Just as I am." I have corresponded on the subject with many of the late Miss Elliott's relatives, who all assure me that so far as they are aware no hymns in the handwriting of this author have been preserved.

Another hymn which is usually associated with home missions is :—

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

This hymn was written by Miss Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, the daughter of the Sheriff of Fife. It is said to have been composed while the authoress was still at school and was first scribbled in one of her exercise books. Whether this was so or not the hymn remained unpublished

until after the authoress's death, which took place in 1869 before she had completed her thirty-eighth year.

"There were ninety and nine" has come to be associated in the minds of many with "Tell me the old, old story," and has, indeed, on more than one occasion been ascribed to Miss Hankey. Perhaps this is owing to its having been, like the latter, very successfully set to music by Mr. Ira D. Sankey. It is related that one day when Mr. Sankey was on his way to attend one of the great meetings with which his name is associated, and to which he had to travel by train, he bought a paper to idle away the time. While perusing this his eye lighted upon Miss Clephane's hymn. He was much struck by the simplicity and beauty of the poem, and determined to sing it at the meeting that night. Towards the close of the service he went to the piano, and doubling up the paper placed it before him on the music-rest. Then he struck a few chords and began to sing the hymn to a melody which he composed as he went along. When he was nearing the end of the first stanza the unpleasant thought struck him that possibly he might forget the original melody when he came to the second verse. His fears were groundless, however, and

he sang the second verse with equal success. "After that," he is reported to have said, "the rest was easy, and the hymn made a deep impression on the vast assembly."

Soon after this it was inserted in Mr. Sankey's collection and was ever after a great favourite at all the meetings held by the celebrated American Missioners.

Miss Clephane was the author of several other hymns, none of which, however, has attained to the popularity enjoyed by "There were ninety and nine." She took the greatest interest in the welfare of children, and her early death was a great loss to the poor of Edinburgh, where her influence, strengthened by unfailing sympathy and charity, was immense.

Of the hymns specially suited to "Those at sea" one of the finest is that by St. Anatolius, rendered familiar to us by Dr. Neale's spirited translation:—

Fierce was the wild billow,
  Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
  Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
  Peril was nigh!
Then said the Lord of Lords,
  "Peace! it is I!"

This hymn does not appear to be in as many collections as one would suppose, seeing that it is suited to occasions for which few really good hymns have been written. It is certainly one of the finest hymns we possess either for use at sea or on dry land when the wind is blowing and there is danger out on the deep. It first appeared in Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, together with many other compositions which are now among the prized possessions of our Church. That Dr. Neale experienced more difficulty in making his Greek translations than he did those from the Latin may be gathered from the preface to his little volume. He says:—

"Though the superior terseness and brevity of the Latin hymns renders a translation which shall represent those qualities a work of great labour, yet still the versifier has the help of the same metre; his version may be line for line; and there is a great analogy between the collects and the hymns, most helpful to the translator. Above all, we have examples enough of former translation by which we may take pattern. But in attempting a Greek canon, from the fact of its being in prose (metrical hymns, as the reader will learn, are unknown) one is all at sea. What measure shall we employ? Why this more than that? Might

we attempt the rhythmical prose of the original, and design it to be chanted? Again, the great length of the canons renders them unsuitable for our churches as *wholes*. Is it better simply to form centos of the more beautiful passages? or can separate odes, each necessarily imperfect, be employed as separate hymns? And above all we have no pattern or example of any kind to direct our labour." Further on Dr. Neale says: "My own belief is, that the best way to employ Greek hymnology for the uses of the English Church would be by centos."

In spite of these difficulties, and the fact that Dr. Neale was the first to make translations from the Greek, he still remains our most successful translator.

"Fierce was the wild billow" does not consist of centos, but is a translation of the complete hymn. Nearly all the hymnal compositions by St. Anatolius—and they number over a hundred—are short and terse, and therefore Neale's suggestion that it is better to employ centos was not always necessary in the case of this hymnist. The last verse of "Fierce was the wild billow" is exceptionally beautiful, and as it may not be known to all my readers I give it:—

Jesu, Deliverer!
  Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
  Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! it is I!"

Another hymnist, whose reputation rests on a single contribution, is the late Mr. William Whiting. He will be forgotten only when men cease to go down to the sea in ships, for he was the author of that very striking and popular hymn:—

Eternal Father! strong to save!
Whose Arm doth bind the restless waves,
Whose Will doth bid the Ocean deep
Within its bounds divide appointed keep;

To the British sailor this hymn is as familiar as "Rule Britannia" or "Tom Bowling," and I would venture to say that it is quite as well known to the average Jack Tar as the Lord's Prayer or any one of the Ten Commandments. Neither is it a stranger in the French Navy, for a translation appears in the *Nouveau Livre Cantique* (the hymnal in use on the French men-of-war), with the tender and beautiful refrain:—

Vois nos pleurs, entends nos sanglots,
Pour ceux en péril sur les flots.

I remember some time ago showing my collection of hymnal manuscripts to a young sailor (on his expressing a wish to see them) who had just returned from a voyage round the world. He was a serious and excellent young fellow, but he tossed those manuscripts over in a manner which made me nervous; my most prized hymns he scarcely looked at. "Where's the sea-hymn?" he said at last. "What sea-hymn?" I answered; "There's 'Fierce raged the tempest,' if that's the one you mean." "No," he answered, "not that one, though it's a fine hymn and one we often sing on board; I mean the one for those in peril on the sea." I had not got it then, nor did I know that it was in existence until a correspondent wrote to me suggesting that I should write to the deceased hymnist's son. I did so, and by return of post came a volume of Mr. Whiting's original hymns, all written in the author's wonderfully clear, well-formed hand. This interesting volume of manuscripts contains three versions of "Eternal Father! strong to save." To one Mr. Whiting has added the date, February 9th, 1875, and the words, "This is my final version."

A friend of the late Mr. Whiting sends me the following particulars regarding his life :—

"On May 3rd, 1878, died at Winchester William Whiting, master of the Choristers at S. Mary's College in that city, and writer of the hymn, 'Eternal Father! strong to save.' He was born in London and came at an early age to Winchester to fill an appointment at the Training College.

"His principal prose works were *Rural Thoughts and Scenes* and *Edgar Thorpe*, besides which he wrote several odes, sonnets, etc. His death took place in the holidays, so that only eight of his sixteen pupils were present at the funeral. Two of these have since gained distinction in music, one being George J. Bennett, Mus. Doc., Cantab., and the other Clement Locknane, also a composer.

"The Warden of Winchester College and the Rev. A. J. Lowth read the burial service, and the hymns, 'Oh what the joy' and 'Jesus lives! no longer now' were sung by the College choir. The grave is on the north side and close to the walls of the burial chapel in the public cemetery at Winchester. Mr. Whiting never enjoyed very good health, but was invariably cheerful and possessed a fund of quiet humour. He was rather short in stature and wore spectacles."

Another very fine hymn for those at sea, which

was written about the same time as "Eternal Father! strong to save" is:—

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

This is probably the best-known of all Prebendary Thring's compositions. Like Mr. Whiting's hymn, it had the good fortune to be specially set to music by the late Dr. Dykes, who composed for it the very fine setting known as "St. Aelrëd." The author based his hymn on the words taken from St. Mark's Gospel: "And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

The other day I was somewhat amused to read in an American paper the history of this hymn. "It owes its origin," wrote the imaginative scribe, "to the fact that on one occasion, the author being out by himself off the coast of Scotland in a small sailing-boat, was overtaken by a storm. His mast snapped, his tiny sail was torn to shreds, and he was himself in imminent danger of being drowned, when a vision of the scene on the Lake of Genesaret appeared before him and calmed his nerves. With renewed hope he began to bail out the water from

his now rapidly-sinking little craft, and a few moments later was rescued by a steam yacht. When he had somewhat recovered he wrote, in the heartfelt gratitude which came upon him, the well-known lines beginning, 'Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep.'" This account is a pretty one, but unfortunately it is not correct. The story of the vision appearing to him is true enough, but the rest is false. The fact is, Prebendary Thring was safe on dry land when the idea of the hymn was conceived. He was sitting alone at the time, doing nothing. With half-closed eyes he saw the raging sea, the terrified mariners, and our Saviour sleeping calmly and peacefully. Then, taking pen and paper, he wrote "Fierce raged the tempest" as rapidly and spontaneously as did Heber when he penned his immortal "From Greenland's icy mountains."

Dr. E. H. Bickersteth, the lately-resigned Bishop of Exeter, is the author of a great number of hymns, many of which were written with an especial object. Among these is one which he wrote for use at sea, and which is one of his best known :—

> Almighty Father, hear our cry,
> As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
> Be Thou our haven always nigh,
> On homeless waters Thou our home.

Dr. Bickersteth tells me that there is no history attached to the writing of this hymn. He had long been struck by the fact that there were practically no hymns specially suited for use when in mid-ocean, and he therefore determined to write one. He is a great admirer of Whiting's "Eternal Father! strong to save," and gives it a place in his hymnal, but at the same time points out that it is not specially suited for singing *by* those at sea, being much more appropriate when sung *for* those at sea.

"Almighty Father, hear our cry," will be found in Dr. Bickersteth's volume of poems entitled *Two Brothers*. It there appears with the opening line in a somewhat different form to that usually met with in most collections. As some of my readers may be aware, the hymn, as given in the author's volume, commences, "Lord of the ocean, hear our cry."

Besides being a hymnist, Dr. Bickersteth has also done considerable work as an editor, having issued several collections. His most widely used is *The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, which is used in a great number of churches. It was received with considerable favour the first year of publication, and now takes its place among the four most widely-circulated hymnals in England.

A hymn written by Bishop Heber, "To be sung by sailors in stormy weather," but one which is to be found in only a few hymnals, is "When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming." This hymn was written only a short while before the author's tragic end, and was not published until after his death. Though one of the best of Heber's hymns, it remains one of the least known. It is written with his usual lyric power, and as many of my readers may not know it, I give the three verses:—

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace Thy redeemèd to perish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

This hymn is also suitable for the 4th Sunday after Epiphany, the Gospel for that day being the history of the stilling of the waves on the Lake of Genesaret.

X

Funeral and Harvest Hymns

ALL SAINTS' DAY

A HYMN which is said to have been a favourite with the late Queen Victoria is that for funeral services :—

> Now the labourer's task is o'er;
> Now the battle-day is past;
> Now upon the farther shore
> Lands the voyager at last.
> Father, in Thy gracious keeping
> Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

This hymn was originally written in six stanzas of four lines each with the well-known refrain. It has, however, in almost all hymnals, been reduced, and the following verse omitted :—

> There the penitents, who turn
> To the Cross their dying eyes,
> All the love of Jesus learn
> At His Feet in Paradise.

In his *Notes on Church Hymns*, for which

collection this composition was specially written, Canon Ellerton tells us that the whole hymn, especially the third, fifth, and sixth verses, owes many thoughts, and some expressions, to a beautiful poem of the Rev. Gerald Moultrie's, beginning, "Brother, now thy toils are o'er."

Another well-known funeral hymn by Canon Ellerton is "God of the living, in whose eyes." This was one of the first hymns the author wrote, being composed before he had reached the age of thirty. It is equal in merit to many of his more popular hymns, and will probably increase in favour. Canon Ellerton wrote it, I believe, for the funeral of one of his Sunday school children at Brighton, where he was curate at the time. It soon found its way into several hymnals, one of the last editors to appropriate it being Prebendary Thring. In the original it does not appear in as many stanzas as we are accustomed to sing it, and the probability is that Canon Ellerton added to it afterwards. In many collections the following verse is omitted :—

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

This hymn was a favourite with the author, probably from its associations with his early days. It has been successfully set to music by various composers, one of the most attractive and appropriate melodies being "God of the living" by Mr. Everard Hulton.

Miss Sarah Doudney is, perhaps, better known as a novelist than a hymnist, probably from the fact that her hymns are very few in number. What she has written in this way, however, is very excellent, and her hymn for funeral services is now among the best for those solemn occasions :—

Sleep on, belovèd, sleep, and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast ;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best :
Good-night !

This hymn, Miss Doudney tells me, was written after the death of a very dear friend of her girlhood. It was suggested by a custom of the early Christians who bade their friends "good-night" when they entered the arena for the final trial of their faith, so sure were they of their re-union. "Darkness and Dawn," and "Quo Vadis" have given us a sense of the reality and simplicity of their belief in the awakening to a better life. Christina Rosetti, in one of her poems, has the same idea, beautifully expressed :—

We meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.

"The sixth verse of my hymn," writes Miss Doudney, "which reads:—

Only 'good-night!' belovèd, not 'farewell!
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible:
Good-night!

will hardly bear criticism: 'indivisible' does not rhyme well with 'farewell' and 'dwell'; but the verses have become so dear to many mourners that I did not like to make any change. They were set to music, when they first appeared in a religious monthly, by the late Mrs. Worthington Bliss; but Mr. Sankey's setting is far better known."

In America, "Sleep on, belovèd" is the favourite funeral hymn, and has been sung at the obsequies of many public men and women. In England it is also very popular, and was sung at the Duchess of Teck's memorial service by command of the late Queen Victoria.

"Just before my mother died," continues Miss Doudney's interesting letter, "I was drawn to the open window by the sound of voices singing the hymn on a spring evening. The singers were

hidden by the trees; darkness was closing in, and I never saw them come or depart. But the strain seemed even then to foretell the passing of the one I loved best; and one more sacred memory was added to those which cling to the lines, written so long ago."

The beautiful setting to which this hymn is invariably sung, known as "The Blessèd Rest" was specially composed for it by the late Sir Joseph Barnby.

From Dean Milman's "Martyr of Antioch" we get one of the loveliest of all funeral hymns :—

Brother, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

To the many thousands who have listened to Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical version of "The Martyr of Antioch" it is needless to say how impressive this funeral hymn is when sung, as it invariably is, unaccompanied. The melody is exquisite in its solemnity, and it is surprising to find that "Brother, thou art gone before us" is in

comparatively few hymnals. What could be finer than the subdued triumph of the closing lines:—

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast
left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome
find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious
guest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest."

The argument of the "Martyr of Antioch" is given in the preface to Sullivan's adaptation. "Olybius is in love with Margarita, and she returned his love. This, however, was in her heathen days. She is now a Christian, and with her conversion, of which both her lover and her father are ignorant, she, though still not indifferent to him, rejects all ideas of union with a heathen. The piece opens with a chorus of Sun-worshippers, preliminary to a solemn sacrifice. The Prefect calls for Margarita to take her accustomed place and lead the worship. During her non-appearance, the Priest charges him with lukewarmness in the cause of Apollo, and he avows his intention to put all Christians to death.

"The scene changes to the Christian Cemetery, where one of the brethren is buried, and a hymn

is sung over him ('Brother, thou art gone before us'). After the funeral, Margarita remains behind, and pours forth her feelings in adoration of the Saviour. Her father finds her thus employed, and learns for the first time of her conversion.

"The scene again changes to the Palace of the Prefect. The Maidens of Apollo sing their evening song. Olybius and Margarita are left together; he tells her of the happiness which will be hers when they are united. She then confesses she is a Christian; he curses her religion, and she leaves him for prison.

"The final scene take place outside the prison of the Christians on the road to the Temple of Apollo. The Maidens of Daphne chant the glories of the god, while from within the prison are heard the more solemn and determined strains of the Christians. Margarita is brought out and required to make her choice. She proclaims her faith in Christ. Her lover and her father urge her to retract, but in vain; and she dies with the words of rapture on her lips:—

"'The Christ, the Christ, commands me to His Home;
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, I come! I come! I come!'"

This fine musical drama contains some of Sullivan's finest inspirations, and it is rather

remarkable that the public so seldom has an opportunity of hearing it. In setting the drama to music Sir Arthur Sullivan had to have several alterations made, in many cases blank verse being changed to rhyme. This latter work was carried out by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

Another hymn for funeral services by Dean Milman and one which he wrote specially for Bishop Heber's collection is :—

> When our heads are bow'd with woe
> When our bitter tears o'er flow,
> When we mourn the lost, the dear,
> Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

With the exception of the last line, which has been altered by innumerable editors, the hymn is usually given as written. It is one of the most popular of the late Dean's hymns, and is to be met with in a great number of collections. It is sung by all denominations and is sometimes used as a litany. The plaintive and soothing melody with which it is associated was written by the late Richard Redhead, the same musician who composed what is generally considered to be the most popular tune to "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Curiously enough both these tunes are known by the same title, "Redhead," which, to say the

least of it, is somewhat confusing. Mr. Redhead only died comparatively recently.

A hymn which is becoming year by year more often sung at funerals is the late Lord Tennyson's:

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me!
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.

This hymn, if hymn it can be called, is the only one which the author ever wrote. Like "Abide with me" the verses were among the last the poet ever penned and are likely to become his most widely known. The couple of stanzas were written very rapidly and under the following interesting circumstances. It appears that Dr. Butler, of Trinity College, Cambridge, when visiting Tennyson, asked how the poet came to write "Crossing the bar." Pointing to a nurse who had been with him some eighteen months, and had had great influence over him, he replied: "That nurse was the cause of my writing 'Crossing the Bar.' She asked me to write a hymn, and I replied, 'Hymns are often such dull things.' But at last he consented to write one, adding: 'They say that I compose very slowly, but I knocked that off in ten minutes.'" This little story was related by Canon Fleming in an address delivered at

York recently. As is well known, shortly before his death the poet called his son to him and told him that it was his desire that "Crossing the Bar" should appear at the end of all future editions of his works, an injunction which has faithfully been fulfilled.

Not written specially for funerals, but very often sung on these occasions, is Miss Charlotte Elliott's:

> My God and Father! while I stray
> Far from my home in life's rough way,
> O teach me from my heart to say,
> "Thy will be done."

This hymn is as popular as the same author's "Just as I am, without one plea." It was written some time before this latter hymn and published two years earlier. Various versions appear in different hymnals, and many editors have altered it to suit their own particular collections. The number of settings to which it is sung is almost as great as the number of versions. What makes it a particularly suitable hymn for singing at funerals is the lesson it teaches of resignation to those who are left behind.

"My God, my Father! while I stray" is not only a beautiful hymn but interesting from the fact that in it we can trace much of the author's

own suffering and patience. As already mentioned, Miss Elliott was a confirmed invalid, and her constant prayer was that she should learn the lesson of patience. In the following verse how she strove for the mastery is beautifully expressed:

> Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
> Let me be still and murmur not,
> Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
> "Thy Will be done."

Miss Elliott's hymns were never written with the intention of being sung in public, being, perhaps, more suitable for private use. After they had appeared in her *Invalid's Hymn Book*, however, they were taken, by various compilers, sometimes with her leave but more often without it, and inserted in numerous congregational hymnals. Of the 120 hymns which Miss Elliott wrote, about a sixth are in common use to-day and sung in all parts of the civilized globe.

Among our harvest hymns there are few more beautiful than Mr. St. Hill Bourne's "The sower went forth sowing." It was written in 1874 for a Harvest Festival at Christ Church, South Ashford, Kent, and first printed in a magazine. There is a touching little story connected with the writing of the music to this hymn which I have the composer's permission to record here. It appears that

the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* having purchased from Mr. St. Hill Bourne the copyright of "The sower went forth sowing" and "Christ who once amongst us," sent them to Dr. Bridge of Westminster Abbey and Dr. Stainer of St. Paul's respectively, with the request that they would write special tunes to them. The MS. of "The sower went forth sowing" reached Dr. Bridge during a time of much trouble and anxiety, for his little girl, Beatrice, lay dying. Sitting by her bedside the composer read the words, and, as he watched the little life ebbing away, he composed the tune which so admirably suits the hymn. In memory of his little daughter the composer named the melody "St. Beatrice."

A hymn which is not only sung at almost every harvest festival in Great Britain but also at those gatherings in the country known as the "Harvest-home" is Dean Alford's "Come, ye thankful people, come." This hymn, which is published in Dean Alford's volume of poems, is very much longer in the original than it is in the ordinary hymnal collection. If Dean Alford had a fault, and there are few hymnists who had not, it was a tendency to make his compositions too long. Fifty-six lines for a single hymn is twice too many, but this is moderate compared with his "Forward!

be our watchward," which consisted of ninety-six lines!

"Come, ye thankful people, come" appeared in so many different forms and phases as on more than one occasion to seriously offend the author. In several instances the Dean wrote to complain and repudiate the various versions published, but it was of little use, and very few hymnals even to-day give it exactly as the author wrote it.

Compare this verse, as in the original :—

> Even so, Lord, quickly come
> To Thy final Harvest-home!
> Gather Thou Thy people in,
> Free from sorrow, free from sin;
> There, for ever, purified,
> In Thy Presence to abide;
> Come, with all Thine angels, come,
> Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

to that which appears in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* :—

> Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
> Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home:
> Let Thy saints be gather'd in,
> Free from sorrow, free from sin;
> All upon the golden floor
> Praising Thee for evermore;
> Come, with all Thine Angels come;
> Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home.

This hymnal was certainly the greatest sinner in the matter of alteration, and the Dean was much offended that his opinion regarding the various changes made was not even asked.

The very fine tune to this hymn was composed by Sir G. J. Elvey, who christened it "St. George's, Windsor," in memory of his connection with that historic chapel.

Our second most popular harvest hymn comes to us from a German source. This is :—

> We plough the fields and scatter
> The good seed on the land,

which was written by Matthias Claudius sometime about the year 1782. In the original it was a lengthy poem of many verses, only a selection from which is found in German hymnals. The author, who was born at Lubeck in 1740, was for many years connected with the Hamburg News Agency, and subsequently edited various German papers. He wrote poems and articles as well as a good deal of religious verse. Many of his hymns are to be found in German hymnals, and of these some two or three have been translated into English, the most popular being the one for harvest. He died during the latter part of the year which saw the Battle of Waterloo.

The translator of the most popular version of "We plough the fields and scatter" is Miss J. M. Campbell, who has given us many other excellent translations from the German. Miss Campbell, who was the daughter of a country vicar, used to teach in the schools attached to her father's parish, and it was for these children that she made her now famous translation. Miss Campbell scarcely lived sufficiently long to appreciate to the full the great popularity attained by her hymn, for she died in 1878. The very fine melody to which the hymn has always been sung is also from the German, having been composed by J. A. P. Schulz, and is contemporary with the original poem.

In Prebendary Thring's collection I notice a fourth verse is given. It is not a translation but is an original stanza by H. Downton. Like the fourth verse to "Lead, kindly light" there is no apparent reason for its being.

A very exultant harvest hymn is that by the late Chatterton Dix:—

> To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
> In hymns of adoration,
> To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
> With shouts of exultation.

This hymn was written in 1863, some four years prior to the writing of his better-known "Come

unto Me, ye weary." It was set to music by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote for it the very excellent melody called "Golden sheaves." It is given in most hymnals without alteration and has attained great popularity. At harvest festivals it is very often used as a processional hymn, and in country villages I have known it to be sung by children bearing sheaves of corn. The concluding verse is one of the most successful Mr. Dix ever wrote:—

> Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
> Where saints abide for ever;
> Where golden fields spread far and broad,
> Where flows the crystal river:
> The strains of all its holy throng
> With ours to-day are blending;
> Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
> Which never hath an ending.

It is not altogether inappropriate, I hope, to place among the harvest hymns one which was written for a Children's Flower Service. The composition I refer to is that by the late Rev. Abel Gerald Blunt, "Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest." This hymn was written while Mr. Blunt was rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, and when I last had the pleasure of meeting the author I was told that he wrote the hymn specially for the children of his parish, and that it was sung for two

or three years at St. Luke's before the outside world had even heard of it. Mr. Blunt's flower services were events in the lives of the many hundreds of children who flocked to his Church. No child so poor but managed to bring a few blossoms as an offering, and some of the bouquets were really beautiful. There was keen competition among the little ones as to who should bring the prettiest posy and more than one instance is recorded of a child having saved her halfpence for many months in order that her "bunch" might be among the very best. Many of them knew the hymn "Here, Lord, we offer Thee" by heart, for they used invariably to sing it as they marched up to present their flowers. Mr. Blunt was for nearly forty years rector of St. Luke's, and to-day he is sadly missed, perhaps most of all by the children. Only a few weeks before his death he wrote out and sent me a MS. of his well-known hymn, which has been most successfully set to music by the Rev. P. Maurice.

A hymn which is usually associated with All Saints' Day, and which has come to us from the German, is :—

> Who are these like stars appearing,
> These before God's Throne who stand?
> Each a golden crown is wearing,

Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

This very fine translation was made by Miss Frances E. Cox, and has been included in a great number of hymnals. There are other versions, but they have all been cast into shadow by Miss Cox's brilliant translation. The author of the original hymn was Heinrich Theobald Schenk, the son of a German pastor, born in 1656. This is the only hymn associated with his name, but it has been sung in Germany for nearly two hundred years. It must have been written when he was an old man of sixty-one or sixty-two, and the melody, known as "All Saints" is contemporary with the hymn. Indeed, it appears very probable that the tune was in existence some years before Schenk's hymn was published, and it is not, therefore, altogether improbable that the hymn was written to the tune or, at all events, fitted to the tune after it was written. Miss Cox, the translator of this hymn, shares with Miss Winkworth the honour of being among the best translators from the German who have flourished during the last half century. Her translations are to be found in all modern collections.

"Hark! the sound of holy voices, chanting at

the crystal sea," by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, is another favourite hymn for All Saints' Day. It will be found in his *Holy Year*, from whence it has been taken by many editors, and is now included in a great number of hymnals. Canon Ellerton makes an interesting reference to this hymn. He says:—"In the earlier editions of *Church Hymns* the fifth stanza of this hymn:—

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessèd Trinity,

was omitted in deference to the judgment of one of the Episcopal Referees of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who held that the verse was liable to be misunderstood as countenancing the popular error that the Blessed are already in the full fruition of their future and everlasting glory—the 'Beatific Vision.' It is scarcely needful to say that so accurate a theologian as the Bishop of Lincoln had no sympathy with this view. His Lordship, while pressing for the restoration of this verse, explained that the whole hymn, from beginning to end, was to be regarded as the

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.
From an Engraving.

utterance in triumphant song of a vision of the final gathering of the saints, not as an exposition of their present condition in the intermediate state. The Tract Committee of the society therefore desired that the verse should in subsequent editions be restored; but should, in deference to those who might still think it liable to misconstruction, be bracketed for optional use."

This was accordingly done, and all those who use this hymnal are now let into the secret of the mysterious brackets.

Dean Alford's fine hymn for All Saints' Day, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," is very often used as a processional, and when sung to Dr. Dykes' spirited melody, "Alford," makes one of the finest religious songs to be sung on the march it is possible to conceive. It is one of the most lyric hymns in the language, and the glowing words as well as the alliteration render it a peculiarly impressive hymn when sung, as it used to be in Canterbury Cathedral, by an immense body of worshippers. A copy of the manuscript, which was sent to me many years ago by the late Dean's son-in-law, contains a note on the margin to the effect that in the original the hymn consisted of three stanzas only, but the Dean, thinking the final lines:—

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate

were somewhat sad and melancholy, added the following triumphant verse :—

Bring near Thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

In this form the hymn was sung at the author's funeral on January 17, 1871.

There is but little doubt that Archbishop Maclagan is best known by his hymn for All Saints' Day :—

The saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

This hymn, the author tells me, was first published in *Church Bells* in 1870. It was written in 1869. The year following its publication

it appeared in the S.P.C.K. hymnal, and from thence it was taken for a considerable number of collections. The lovely melody with which it is associated was composed by the late Sir John Stainer, and is one of the most successful of all that composer's refined hymn tunes. It is generally supposed to have been written expressly for Archbishop Maclagan's hymn but this is incorrect. A few months before his death, having a desire to compare the published setting with the original, I wrote to Dr. Stainer asking him if he possessed the MS. He replied that he did not, but very kindly wrote me out a fresh copy, adding on the margin a humorous little note to the effect that I might judge from the manuscript that he could never earn his living as a music copyist! The melody was composed in 1873 for performance by the London Church Choir Association in St. Paul's Cathedral, and sung to the hymn :—

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
  Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
  Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

By the express wish of Sir Henry Baker, Dr. Monk, and Dr. Dykes, however, it was, and ever

will be, associated with "The Saints of God." It will be noticed that the name of the tune is "Rest."

Bishop Heber's fine hymn dedicated to St. Stephen is just as often sung on All Saints' Day, and therefore no apology is needed in giving it a place under this chapter. It is found in Heber's collection of manuscript hymns in the British Museum, and there begins "The Son of God is gone to war." Many fine settings have been written for this hymn, and it is sometimes given in stanzas of four lines and sometimes of eight. In the original it appears in four-line stanzas.

This hymn was brought prominently before the public some years ago by Juliana Horatia Ewing in her very beautiful *Story of a Short Life*. In that pathetic history of the troubles of a courageous little sufferer it will be remembered that "The Son of God goes forth to war" was the favourite hymn in the barracks, and was always referred to by the soldiers as the "tug of war" hymn. The hero of the story, one of the officer's sons who meets with an accident and is crippled for life, begs a few moments before his death that the soldiers may be allowed to sing their "tug of war" hymn once again before he dies. The soldiers are told of his desire, and they go beneath

his window and sing the well-known lines. When they are in the midst of the verse :—

> A noble army, men and boys,
> The matron and the maid,
> Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
> In robes of light array'd,

they glance towards the window and, seeing a hand stretched forth to pull the blind down, know that the last lines are falling on ears which will never hear them. It is a most beautiful story, and at the height of its popularity all the school children were asking for the "tug of war" hymn. It was Mrs. Ewing's husband who wrote the most popular tune to "Jerusalem the Golden," and the one which Dr. Neale declared most exactly suited the words.

XI

Hymns for Children

A STORY is told of an old man over eighty years of age, who, when he lay dying, endeavoured in vain to recall a single prayer or hymn which might help to comfort him in his journey into the unknown. He had led anything but a blameless life; since the age of twenty he had never once entered a place of worship or given a single thought to a future state; and now, as he stood on the threshold of a new life, his brain could frame no prayer to the God before Whom he was so soon to appear.

And then suddenly his vision cleared, and he saw himself a little lad again, kneeling at his mother's knee, repeating his evening hymn; and unconsciously from his lips issued those tender words which for nearly seventy years he had neither uttered nor heard—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon this little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

It is the same with a good many of us. We often remember most clearly the lessons we learned in childhood, and it is probable that there are few readers of this little volume who could not recall the days when they too knelt and repeated the same familiar lines. It was one of the earliest hymns Charles Wesley wrote, and he composed it expressly for children. It has, indeed, been stated that the author wrote it for his own children, but this of course is incorrect, inasmuch as Charles Wesley was not married until many years after its composition. There is little doubt, however, that in after years his own children loved this little hymn as much as any child who sings it to-day. It was written about the year 1740, and published two years later in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* This simple and beautiful composition is in two parts of seven verses each, the second part beginning—

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Though Charles Wesley was fond of children and wrote many hymns for their benefit, it cannot be said that he was ever very successful as a writer for the young. The reason, as a contemporary has pointed out, is not very far to seek. "He started with the wrong idea, attempting to lift children up to the level of adults, merely adapting his compositions to them by simplicity of diction." With the exception of "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," not one of the many hymns he wrote for children has lived to be sung to-day.

A children's hymn which has become almost a classic is :—

Tell me the old old Story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus & His Glory,
Of Jesus & His Love.

Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tories & grave:
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

written by Miss Katherine Hankey some thirty-five years ago. It has probably been translated into more languages and dialects than any other child's hymn, and every year the author receives numerous requests from missionaries and workers in distant corners of the globe for permission to make fresh translations. The hymn has become so closely identified with Ira D. Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos*, as to give rise to an impression that the

author wrote it specially for that hymnal. This, of course, is not the case. It is much more probable that soon after its publication it was reprinted in an American paper and there seen by Mr. Sankey, who, thinking it would make an attractive addition to his hymnal, sent it to his friend, Mr. W. H. Doane, of Preston, Connecticut, with a request that he would set it to music. This Mr. Doane did, but instead of conforming to the original he turned the four-lined verses into eight-lined stanzas and added the now well-known refrain—

> Tell me the old, old story,
> Tell me the old, old story,
> Tell me the old, old story,
> Of Jesus and His love.

The hymn "caught on" in America, and soon became the first favourite at Moody and Sankey's Meetings. This setting, however, Miss Hankey greatly deprecates, for, she argues, each verse is complete in itself, there being no connecting links between any two of the verses. However, Mr. Doane's setting is now the most popular, both in this country and America, and has done a good deal towards making the hymn known in all parts of the world.

The history of the origin of "Tell me the old, old story" I heard from the lips of the author

herself some months ago, as she sat and wrote an autograph of the simple and beautiful hymn for reproduction here.

"The hymn as I first wrote it," said Miss Hankey, "consisted of fifty verses of four lines each. It was divided into two parts—'The Story Wanted' and 'The Story Told.' I wrote Part I. towards the end of January, 1866. I was unwell at the time—just recovering from a serious illness—and the second verse really indicates my state of health, for I was, literally, 'weak and weary.' When I had written the first part, which consisted of eight verses, I laid it aside; and it was not until the following November that I completed the whole hymn. It is, perhaps, strange that the plea for the story, and not the story itself, should become the favourite hymn; but of course the second part is far too long for congregational singing."

Miss Hankey also composed a musical setting for "Tell me the old, old story," which is very simple and beautiful. Though frequently sung, however, it has never attained the popularity enjoyed by that published in the American hymnal.

"What has always greatly surprised me," continued Miss Hankey, "is that so many people, including hymnal editors, should look upon it

only as a children's hymn; I certainly had not children in my mind when I wrote it. However, if it answers its purpose, I suppose it matters very little whether it is sung by the young or the aged. I am sincerely grateful that my little hymn has proved a comfort and a blessing to so many."

Miss Hankey is the author of many other hymns, not one of which, however, has become very well known. Like many another hymnist, she will be remembered by a single composition.

A hymn which was perhaps more popular with children fifteen years ago than it is to-day is "There is a happy land, far, far away." It was written by Mr. Andrew Young in 1838. Mr. Young happened during that year to be spending his holiday in Rothesay, and one day called at the house of a friend, where he passed the afternoon. In the drawing-room a little girl began to play on the piano. The tune was a pretty little Indian melody, very simple, and Mr. Young, who was passionately fond of music, begged her to play it again. He remarked that it would make a capital tune for a children's hymn, and again asked to have it repeated. That night, as he slept, the tune still haunted him, and early in the morning he rose, and, while walking in the garden, wrote the hymn which has now become so

well known. It has been translated into many languages and dialects, and is a general favourite among the converted natives of China.

Mr. Andrew Young was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated, in 1807. At the early age of twenty-three he was appointed Head Master of Niddry Street School, Edinburgh, where, in less than ten years, he raised the number of pupils from 80 to 600. In 1840 he became Principal English Master at Madras College, St. Andrew's, where his success as a teacher was no less remarkable. This appointment, however, he resigned in 1853, and became Superintendent of the Greenside Parish Sabbath Schools. He died on November 30, 1889.

Though Mr. Young was the author of numerous hymns, many of which he wrote for his pupils, only one has stood the test of time—"There is a happy land."

One of the most widely known and best loved of all children's hymns is:—

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

written in 1841. The authoress, Mrs. Jemima Luke, is still happily with us, and is now (1902)

THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.
Photo by Mayall.

MRS. J. LUKE.
From a Photo.

living a retired life in the Isle of Wight. This lady has recently published a delightful book of reminiscences, written in so fresh and interesting a manner as to suggest the work of a young and ingenuous girl rather than that of a lady between eighty and ninety years of age.

"The Child's Desire," as Mrs. Luke entitled her hymn, was written, as many people are aware, in a stage coach, between Taunton and Wellington. The story of its composition is well known, but will bear repetition. At the Normal Infant School, Gray's Inn Road, where Miss Thompson (as she was then) had gone to learn the system, the teachers had to march up and down the school-room singing the marching pieces provided for their future use, and amongst them was the air to which Mrs. Luke's hymn was subsequently adapted. The words set to it in the book of marching pieces were simple and pretty, but Miss Thompson thought the air would better adapt itself to a hymn, and tried in vain to find one to suit the measure. Just about this time she became seriously ill with erysipelas, and for days lay only half conscious. When she recovered she was sent to Taunton for change of air, and it was during this visit that "The Child's Desire" was written.

"In the small town of Wellington," to quote Mrs. Luke's own words, "five miles away, there was a little association in aid of the Society for Female Education in the East. One fine spring morning I went in a two-horse coach to see how the Society was prospering. It was an hour's ride. There was no other inside passenger. I took a letter from my pocket, and on the back of the envelope wrote two verses of the little hymn now so well known. The composition originally consisted of two verses only, but in response to a request from my father to make it a missionary hymn, the third verse was added.

"My father superintended the Sunday School at the little chapel belonging to the estate. He used to let the children choose the first hymn themselves. One Sunday afternoon they struck up their new hymn. My father turned to my younger sisters, who stood near him, and said, 'Where did that come from? I never heard it before.' 'Oh, Jemima made it,' was the reply On the Monday he asked me for a copy of the words and tune. This he sent, with name and address in full, to the *Sunday School Teachers' Magazine*, where it appeared the following month. But for my father's intervention the hymn would in all probability never have been preserved."

Mrs. Luke, who sat up in bed to write me a manuscript of "The Child's Desire," added that she always considers the little hymn an inspiration from above, and not "in her," for she has never since been able to write another hymn of equal merit.

Another hymn for children which has become a great favourite in England, though by an American writer, is "Jesus loves me, this I know." It was written about the year 1858 by Miss Anna Warner, sister of the author of *Queechy* and other popular novels. Miss Warner, who has all her long life taken the greatest interest in the religious education of children, had, until quite recently, a very large Sunday School at West Point, and it was her invariable custom to write for her pupils a fresh hymn once a month. She used to take a tune which the children knew and liked, and then write words to fit the melody. One of these hymns was "Jesus loves me," and it was written for the very tiny members of her class. It soon became a favourite in America, ultimately finding its way into nearly all American hymnals. Very soon it was taken by English editors, and it would be difficult to say in which country it is now more often sung.

Miss Warner is the daughter of the late Henry

W. Warner, and was born in New York sometime during the latter part of the year 1821. She has written several volumes of poems and hymns, besides numerous novels which have had a large circulation in the States.

Miss Warner was especially successful in writing hymns for children, and many others of her compositions besides "Jesus loves me" are slowly making their way into English hymnals. The following, which the authoress calls "A Mother's Evening Hymn," might have been written by the author of "Sweet and low"—

O little child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep,
By day and night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

O little child! be still and rest,
He sweetly sleeps, whom Jesus keeps,
And in the morning wakes so blest,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best,
He first loved thee.

"Hosanna we sing, like the children dear," by G. S. Hodges is, found in most collections published during the last quarter of a century, and is an especial favourite on Palm Sunday. Mrs. Hodges

tells me that, though her husband wrote a great number of hymns, the one referred to here is the best known and most appreciated. It was written in 1874, and published the following year, with music specially written for it by the late Dr. Dykes.

Mr. G. S. Hodges, who was Vicar of Stubbings, near Maidenhead, from 1882 to 1899, was passionately fond of children, and never happier than when he had a child perched on his knee. This love for children undoubtedly helped him to understand exactly the kind of hymn that would please them best, and accounts in a measure for the favour with which "Hosanna we sing" was received. Indeed, this hymn was particularly fortunate both as regards author and composer, seeing that Dr. Dykes was also devoted to children.

In sending me a MS. of her husband's hymn Mrs. Hodges writes: "You will see that it is not quite the same as in the hymnals. It must have been "touched up" afterwards, I think, but whether by author or editor I cannot say. My husband was not accustomed to speak much about the method he adopted in writing his hymns. He generally altered a good deal after making the first draft of the hymn, and would write it out several times before being perfectly satisfied."

Mr. Hodges is the author of a volume of sacred and secular poems, which he published in 1876. In this work appear many translations from the Latin as well as several hymns worthy the attention of compilers.

Two simple hymns by the late Dr. T. O. Summers find places in most collections for children. "The morning bright," based on the text "Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him" was written about the year 1846, and intended to be used as a morning hymn, while "The daylight fades," founded on words taken from the Psalms: "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid," was written some three years later. Curiously enough these two hymns appear to be the only compositions of the kind Dr. Summers ever wrote. Concerning them, the author says—

"My first child was born in January, 1845. When she was about a year old, as I was descending the Tombigbee River, in a little steamer, I wrote a morning hymn for her on the back of a letter, transcribed it when I reached Mobile, and sent it to her at Tuscaloosa. That was the origin of 'The morning bright.' When editing the *Southern Christian Advocate* I put it without name in the 'Child's Department.' It was copied

into the religious papers generally, and into books. My second child was born in 1847, and for her I wrote 'The daylight fades,' as far as I can recollect, about the year 1849."

Sad to relate, neither of Dr. Summers' children grew up to womanhood, both dying when quite young, and within a short time of each other. Dr. Summers, who was born in Dorset in 1812, was for many years a missionary in North America. He died in 1882.

The following is a hymn which most of us can recall singing in our early days :—

There's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die;

It was written by Mr. Albert Midlane between forty and fifty years ago at Newport, Isle of Wight, within a short distance of the house in which Thomas Binney penned those beautiful and well-known lines beginning "Eternal Light, Eternal Light."

Mr. Midlane began writing hymns as soon as he could read, and before his ninth birthday had composed a set of religious verses which so much impressed his parents and friends by their depth

and fervour as to give rise to the cheerful belief that he was destined for an early grave. He has, however, conclusively proved that "prodigies" do not always die young.

"The very first hymn I wrote which was *used*," says Mr. Midlane, "was written on May 24, 1844, when I was nineteen years of age. It was published under the title of 'God bless our Sunday Schools,' and sung to the tune of the National Anthem. Fifty-seven years ago last summer it was first sung as our Anniversary Hymn, and still it finds expression from the lips, and, I trust, from the hearts of many little pilgrims."

But it is his hymn for children that will keep Mr. Midlane's memory green when the hand that penned it is still. "There's a Friend for little children" was written on February 27, 1859, and was first scribbled in his note book. The original manuscript is still preserved and the author sometimes looks at it and smiles to think how those few verses, coming, as they did, straight from the heart, sang themselves round the world in less than a decade. This hymn formed a contribution to a little serial called *Good News for the Little Ones*, edited by C. H. Mackintosh, and published by Broom, and was first printed in their publication as the final article for the year 1859,

under the heading of "Above the bright blue sky." In the original MS., and as first printed, the opening verse began "There's a rest for little children," "Friend" being subsequently substituted for "rest."

Mr. Midlane has written an immense number of hymns, and has lately published a collection containing 400 of his own compositions. Not one of his hymns, however, has attained anything like the popularity enjoyed by "There's a Friend for little children." Mr. Midlane, who has been for more than half a century engaged in business at Newport, says that he first received poetic encouragement when he went, as a little fellow, to Sunday School. He used to write his verses, and after the lessons were over would show them to his teacher, an enthusiastic reader of poetry, who gave him valuable advice. His first printed hymn was written at the age of seventeen while on a visit to Carisbrook Castle. This hymn, beginning, "Hark! in the presence of our God," appeared in the *Youth's Magazine* for November, 1842.

Another hymn for children which has come to us from an American source is "Shall we gather at the river?" by Robert Lowry. The following rather quaintly-expressed history of the origin of this

hymn is given by Mr. E. W. Long in his *Illustrated History of Hymns and their Authors*—

"On a very hot summer day in 1864 a pastor was seated in his parlour in Brooklyn, N.Y. It was a time when an epidemic was sweeping through the city, and draping many persons and dwellings in mourning. All around friends and acquaintances were passing away to the spirit land in large numbers. The question began to arise in the heart, with unusual emphasis, 'Shall we meet again? We are parting at the river of death: shall we meet at the river of life?' Seating myself at the organ," says he (Mr. Lowry), "simply to give vent to the pent-up emotions of the heart, the words and music of the hymn began to flow out as if by inspiration—

> Shall we gather at the river,
> Where bright angel feet have trod?"

Dr. Lowry wrote a great number of hymns, for several of which he also composed effective music which helped considerably to increase their popularity. A hymn by Dr. Lowry which has been taken by many authors as the foundation of pathetic stories is "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Mr. George Rundle Prynne, the present Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, is the author of:—

Jesu meek & gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

one of the simplest and yet most perfect hymns for children ever written. It was composed in 1856, and first appeared in a collection of hymns edited by Mr. Prynne. In 1861 it was given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and subsequently in nearly all hymnals published in Great Britain and America. In 1881 Mr. Prynne published it in a volume of hymns entitled *The Dying Soldier's Vision*, but by a mistake in passing the proof sheets the opening line read "*Jesus*, meek and gentle" instead of "*Jesu*, meek and gentle" as originally conceived. In subsequent hymnals, however, the old form was adhered to.

With regard to this composition the author says—

"This little hymn has found its way into most hymn books. It is commonly thought to have been written for children, and on this supposition I have been asked to simplify the fourth verse. The hymn was not, however, written

specially for children. When it is used in collections of hymns for children it might be well to alter the fourth verse, which in the original runs—

> Lead us on our journey,
> Be Thyself the Way
> Through terrestrial darkness
> To celestial day.

to the more simple—

> Lead us on our journey,
> Be Thyself the Way
> Through earth's passing darkness
> To heaven's endless day."

During a visit paid to St. Peter's Vicarage some time ago, I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Prynne the circumstances under which he wrote his now famous hymn.

"I composed it," said Mr. Prynne, "one summer's evening just forty-six years ago, and I don't suppose the entire composition took me more than half an hour. My wife, who was a very good musician, was playing to me from my favourite composers at the time, and as she played so the words of the hymn came into my mind. I did not at first think of reducing them to paper, and it was only after the entire hymn was conceived that I at

last took an old envelope from my pocket and scribbled the verses on the back. Then I read them over to Mrs. Prynne, and as she seemed to like them they were preserved, and subsequently appeared in one of my own books. I have been rather surprised that most hymnal editors should take it for granted that I wrote the hymn for children. Of course I did nothing of the sort, but I daresay it makes just as good a hymn for little ones as for adults, and after all I suppose most of us are children only 'larger grown.'

"A short time after its publication I went for a holiday to Rome, and while there was asked to conduct the service at the English Church. When the time for giving out the hymns came I was rather startled to find myself delivering the first line of my own composition: Hymn No. — 'Jesu, meek and gentle.' The pleasure I experienced on finding that it had so soon made its way to Rome was in no way lessened on hearing from the Vicar that the name of the author had not occurred to him, in fact he had never heard it!"

Mr. Prynne has been Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, for fifty-four years, having been appointed to the living in 1848.

A hymn for children, by the late Miss Frances

Ridley Havergal, which has become very popular both in this country and America is :—

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring.
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King.

Her sister gives the following account of the writing of this hymn—

"When visiting at Perry Barr Frances walked to the boys' schoolroom, and, being very tired, she leaned against the playground wall while Mr. Snepp, a gentleman who was with her, went in. Returning in ten minutes he found her scribbling on an old envelope. At his request she handed him the hymn just pencilled, "Golden harps are sounding."

A few days later Miss Havergal composed a special tune for this hymn, and it was this same tune, "Hermas," that the gifted poetess sang a few moments before she died.

Miss Havergal was once asked by a correspondent how she composed her hymns, to whom she replied—

"I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP W. W. HOW, D.D.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.
From the painting by George Richmond, Esq., R.A.

musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession and said, 'Now use it as you like!' But he keeps the gold and gives it me piece by piece just when He will, and as much as He will and no more. Some day perhaps He will send me a bright line of verses on 'Satisfied' ringing through my mind, and then I shall look up and thank Him and say, 'Now, dear Master, give me another to rhyme with it, and then another'; and then perhaps He will send it all in one flow of musical thoughts, but more likely one at a time, that I may be kept asking Him for every line. There, that is the process, and you see there is no 'I can do it' at all. That isn't His way with me. I often smile to myself when people talk about 'gifted pen' or 'clever verses,' etc., because they don't know that it is neither, but something really much nicer than being 'talented' or 'clever.'"

Bishop Walsham How wrote a great number of hymns for children, one of the most popular being "Come, praise your Lord and Saviour," written in 1871, and based on the words "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," taken from the Psalms. The hymn

consists of four verses of eight lines each, the first verse being sung by boys and girls together, the second verse by boys only, the third verse by girls only, and the concluding verse by boys and girls together again. The effect when sung by well-trained children's voices is very pretty, and the hymn is, naturally, a great favourite in Sunday Schools.

Another hymn for children, which was written about the same time as "Come, praise your Lord and Saviour," is—

> It is a thing most wonderful,
> Almost too wonderful to be,
> That God's own Son should come from Heaven,
> And die to save a child like me.

It was written with the intention of being sung at Sunday School anniversaries, and based on the text "Herein is Love."

Bishop Walsham How had more than an ordinary love for children, and it is therefore not surprising that his hymns for little ones are so successful. It is said of him that even when nearing that age when he might be said to be "getting old" he would sit down and write a set of nonsense verses for a favourite grandchild with the greatest enthusiasm and earnestness. His character was an extraordinarily lovable and unselfish

one. Though Bishop How is the author of many works of great learning and value, it is not improbable that his hymns will outlive them all.

A hymn of American origin, which has found considerable favour with the editors of English hymnals, is—

> I love to hear the story
> That angel voices tell,
> How once the King of glory
> Came down on earth to dwell.

written by Mrs. Miller, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Brooklyn, Connecticut. In a letter from Boonton, New Jersey, Mrs. Miller writes—

"I do not know that there are any circumstances of special interest connected with the writing of this children's hymn. I was at the time (1867) joint editor of a magazine for young people entitled *The Little Corporal*, for which I usually furnished a poem to be set to music each month. I had had a very serious illness and was slowly recovering, and, though too weak to do much literary work, the fact that *The Little Corporal* would be published without my usual contribution was something of a worry to me. I determined, if possible, that this should not happen, so one afternoon, when I felt a little

stronger, I took pen and paper and began to write 'I love to hear the story.' Though it is now close upon thirty-five years ago, I remember that the words were suggested rapidly and continuously as if I were writing from dictation. In less than fifteen minutes the hymn was written and sent away without any corrections. Its popularity has always surprised me, as among the hundreds of hymns and songs which I have written, many seem to me to be of greater merit."

A very beautiful hymn by this author, but one which is not generally known, is the following, which should be included in all children's hymnals—

Father, while the shadows fall,
With the twilight over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.
  Take me in Thy holy keeping
    Till the morning break;
  Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
    Bless me when I wake.

'Twas Thy Hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
  Take me in Thy holy keeping
    Till the morning break;
  Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
    Bless me when I wake.

Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be;
All the wrong my hands have done,
Pardon, Lord, through Christ, Thy Son.
Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

"Above the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright abode," by John Chandler, was first published in the author's *Hymns for Public Worship*, 1856, though when it was actually written is not very certain. It is one of the few original hymns by this author which has become what one might term "popular." It is an immense favourite with children, having had the good fortune to be allied with an inspiriting melody composed for it by the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

Among the MSS. in possession of the Church House, Westminster, there is a letter from John Chandler, in which special reference is made to this hymn. It was written to a correspondent, probably in reply to a question regarding Mr. Chandler's method of composition. The letter, which is dated March 20, 1875, reads—

"With the exception of 'Above the clear blue sky' I have composed no hymns since those published in 1837, which are translations. 'Above

the clear blue sky' appeared first in some Irish collection of hymns some years ago; but that is all I can remember about it."

The late Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander had every right to be considered par excellence the children's hymnist. Her hymns are known wherever Christianity is preached, and the translations that have been made are innumerable. The Rev. F. A. Wallis, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, says he has heard Mrs. Alexander's hymns sung by half-clad Africans in a language she had never known. Perhaps the best loved of all the hymns by this writer is:—

There is a green hill far away
Outside a city wall,
Where the Dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

It was written in 1847 and first published in the author's *Hymns for Little Children*, a tiny volume of some thirty leaves, illustrated with full-page coloured illustrations. Mrs. Alexander once told me that her hymns were usually written for her Sunday School class, and were nearly all read over to her small scholars before being published. It is related that the beautiful and

pathetic "There is a green hill" was written while Mrs. Alexander was sitting by the bedside of a sick child. The little girl was dangerously ill, but recovered, and ever after referred to this particular hymn as her own property. Some of the greatest composers of modern times have set this hymn to music. Gounod, whose setting is perhaps the most widely known and appreciated, affirmed that it was the most perfect hymn in the English language, its greatest beauty being its simplicity. Between the author and composer an interesting correspondence took place, and one of Mrs. Alexander's most prized possessions was an autograph copy of the famous composition sent to her by Gounod himself. In speaking about Mrs. Alexander's hymns a short while before his death, Gounod remarked that many of them set themselves to music.

In the manuscript copy of this hymn it will be noted that the first verse reads—

> There is a green hill far away,
> *Outside* a city wall,
> Where the dear Lord was crucified,
> Who died to save us all.

This substitution of the word "outside" for "without" was made on the authoress being asked by a very small child what was meant by

a green hill not having a city wall. This reminds one of the story of the little boy whose mother was teaching him a certain hymn, and when she came to the well-known lines—

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,

stopped his parent with the paralyzing question, "Why does the weakest saint sit on Satan's knees?" The great beauty, however, of Mrs. Alexander's hymns is their simplicity, and probably fewer questions have been asked regarding their meaning (by children) than of those of any other writer.

Among other hymns for children by Mrs. Alexander is "Once in royal David's city," which ranks second in point of popularity to "There is a green hill." It might very well be sung as a Christmas hymn, being founded on words taken from the Creed—"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Mention must also be made of "We are but little children weak," a hymn founded on the proverb, "Even a little child is known by his doings"; "All things bright and beautiful," an exquisitely descriptive hymn based on the verse "God saw everything that He had made,

and behold it was very good," and "Do no sinful action."

Mrs. Alexander was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, who fought at the battle of Copenhagen. In 1847 she married the Rev. William Alexander, who subsequently became Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and ultimately Primate of All Ireland. She took the greatest interest in all religious and charitable works and was greatly beloved by the poor. Her best-known poem is "The burial of Moses," which had a wide circulation. Of this work Tennyson said that it was one of the poems by a living writer of which he would have been proud to be the author. Mrs. Alexander died at the Palace, Londonderry, in 1895.

A hymn by Mrs. Alexander which is not so well known as many of her others, though characterized by the same simplicity and beauty, is one she wrote on the text, "Do all things without murmurings, that ye may be . . . children of God"—

> Day by day the little daisy
> Looks up with its yellow eye,
> Never murmurs, never wishes
> It were hanging up on high.

The most successful hymn which John Hampden

Gurney wrote was one for children: "Fair waved the golden corn." It was written on the text, "The first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God," and first published in a collection of hymns compiled by the author in 1851. Why this hymn should be considered as specially suitable for children I do not know; it would be far more appropriate amongst the harvest hymns. However, it has now for close upon half a century been looked upon as a hymn of praise for children, and I have therefore included it in this chapter. It has been translated into several languages and its use is very extensive. John Hampden Gurney, who was no relation of Archer Thompson Gurney, the author of "Christ is risen, Christ is risen," was for many years rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. He died in 1862 at the age of fifty-nine.

Miss Janette Threlfall has not written a great number of hymns, but among them is one for children which takes a very high place. "Hosanna! loud Hosanna! The little children sang," was written about the year 1870 and first published in the author's volumes of hymns and poems, *Sunshine and Shadow*. This little book is prefaced by a few remarks from the pen of Bishop

Wordsworth, a great admirer of her compositions. "It is an occasion for great thankfulness," writes her fellow hymnist, "to be able to point to poems, such as many of those in the present volume, in which considerable mental powers and graces of composition are blended with pure religious feeling, and hallowed by sound doctrine and fervent devotion."

Miss Threlfall was for many years a great invalid, so prostrate indeed at times that she found it impossible even to write. Yet she was always bright and cheerful, her face seldom without a smile. Many of her hymns were dictated to a friend, who wrote them out, the manuscript being afterwards corrected by the author. A copy of "Hosanna! loud Hosanna!" sent me by Miss Eccles, Miss Threlfall's cousin, is written in a round childish hand, and was evidently copied out for the author by one of her numerous juvenile friends who visited her during her illness. Miss Eccles tells me that several of her hymns were specially composed for the Whit Monday treat which took place annually at Miss Threlfall's country home in the North of England.

During the latter years of her life Miss Threlfall resided with relatives in Dean's Yard, Westminster. Here she interested herself in parish

work and won the lasting friendship of Dean Farrar and the late Dean Stanley. On her death in 1880 the former paid a glowing tribute to her memory in a special sermon which he preached on the Sunday following her decease.

A hymn for children which in points of simplicity and beauty has never been surpassed is that by Mary Duncan :—

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
  Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
  Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
  And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
  Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
  Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
  Happy there with Thee to dwell.

This little hymn is by no means in as many collections as one would suppose seeing that to most children it is as familiar as Charles Wesley's "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." It has been set to music by various composers, perhaps the best known tune being "Evening Prayer" by the late Sir John Stainer.

The fact that this hymn was specially written by the authoress for her own little children gives

an added interest to the composition. It is generally believed to have been composed three years after her marriage, in 1839, when Mrs. Duncan was barely twenty-five years of age. Her children, of course, would at that time be scarcely old enough to comprehend the meaning of the lines, or even pronounce the words after her, but we can readily believe that she was anticipating, with all a mother's affection, the time when they would come to her knee and repeat the hymn she had written for them. That time was never to be. Only two or three months after writing the hymn Mrs. Duncan caught a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, and a few days later the young life was closed. The following year the hymn was published, and how many mothers have since taught their children the beautiful lines, who can say?

One of the most remarkable men in the Church of England to-day is the present Vicar of Lew Trenchard, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. His name is appended to more works in the British Museum than that of any other living writer, and there are few subjects on which he cannot write with authority. It is, however, as a hymn writer that Mr. Baring-Gould must be considered in the present volume, and his claim to a place among

writers for children lies in his being the author of—

Now the day is over
Night is drawing nigh
Shadows of the twilight
Steal across the sky.

This beautiful little hymn was written in 1865 and appeared in the *Church Times* the same year. Three years later it was included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and to-day it would be difficult to find a hymnal published during the last twenty-five years, either in England or America, in which it does not appear.

The second verse of this composition, which in the original read as follows—

> Now the darkness gathers,
> Stars begin to peep,
> Birds, and beasts, and flowers
> Soon will be asleep.

has been changed by the author to—

> As the darkness deepens,
> Stars begin to peep,
> Shadows of the twilight
> Darker round us creep.

This version is, perhaps, the more poetical of the two.

Mr. Baring-Gould wrote the hymn specially for the children in his Sunday School at Horbury

Bridge. It is intended for evening singing and was founded on the text taken from Proverbs iii. 24. "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

One of the most prolific writers of hymns was Frances Jane Van Alstyne, more generally known as Fanny Crosby. She was born in America in 1823, and during her lifetime composed no less than two thousand hymns. Among these was "Safe in the arms of Jesus," which was written at the special request of her friend, Mr. W. H. Doane, the well-known composer. Mr. Doane had written a melody for which he had no words suitable. He therefore called on Mrs. Alstyne, played the melody over to her, and begged that she would write him some words suitable to the tune. This Mrs. Alstyne promised to do, and "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was the result. The authoress intended it as a children's hymn, and as such it has attained great popularity.

Mrs. Alstyne in infancy lost her sight, and at the age of eleven became an inmate of the New York City Institution for the Blind. Here she remained for twenty-three years as pupil and teacher. In 1858 she married Alexander Van Alstyne, a gentleman who had set many of her hymns to

music, and who was also blind. The marriage was a very happy one in spite of the terrible affliction under which both husband and wife laboured.

Most of Mrs. Alstyne's hymns appeared in Ira D. Sankey's collection and owe no inconsiderable amount of their popularity to the attractive melodies to which they are allied. It is said that the number of copies of Mrs. Alstyne's hymns sold in America and Great Britain amounts to close upon one hundred millions.

Mr. St. Hill Bourne, the Rector of Finchley, is the author of at least one composition which takes a high place among children's hymns. I refer to—

> Christ, Who once amongst us
> As a child did dwell

written in 1868 and first published seven years later. In answer to a question regarding the genesis of this hymn, the author writes—

"There is nothing very interesting to tell you about the writing of this very simple little hymn It was one of the first I composed—in fact, was written before I was ordained. I really wrote it for the children of a mission school at Clerkenwell which I superintended on Sundays. This hymn was written about the same time as my harvest

hymn, 'The sower went forth sowing,' both of which have since found a place in many collections."

"Come, sing with holy gladness" was written by the late Mr. J. J. Daniell about the year 1864, and first appeared in the Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* It is one of the most successful of all children's hymns, the third verse being especially striking—

O boys, be strong in Jesus,
  To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
  With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for Jesus,
  Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
  And perfect grace begun.

In a conversation with the author's brother some time ago I was informed that Mr. Daniell had not written many hymns, his time being generally occupied in writing prose works. Mr. Daniell was ordained by the Bishop of Manchester in 1848, and after filling various curacies and livings, was preferred to the Vicarage of Langley Burrell in 1879, which he occupied down to his death in 1890.

Mr. Daniell wrote many hymns for special use in his own church, but few of them have found

their way into hymnals which are very widely circulated. "Come, sing with holy gladness" was written specially for children, and, his brother informed me, the author was never happier than when hearing his own "boys and maidens" singing this hymn. The tune to which it is sung is the same as that to which "Hosanna, loud Hosanna" is set, a melody which appeared in *Kocher's Zionharfe* in 1855. Mr. Daniell probably had this melody in his mind when he wrote his now famous hymn.

XII

Some General Hymns

FROM Dr. Neale's translation of the *Rhythm* of Bernard of Morlaix many hymns have been taken. Of these the most popular are, "The world is very evil," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, oh dear, dear country," and "Jerusalem the golden." These centos are to be found in every modern hymnal, and are favourites with all denominations. It is interesting, in connection with these hymns, to note what Dr. Neale says in the Preface to the first edition. "There would be," he modestly suggests, "no difficulty in forming several hymns, by way of cento, from the following verses, suitable to any Saint's day, to the season of Advent, or to an ordinary Sunday. If any of Bernard's verses are thus employed, I shall be thankful indeed that 'He, being dead, yet speaketh.'" Later on, when a third edition of the *Rhythm* had been called for, he wrote: "I am

deeply thankful that Bernard's lines seem to have spoken to the hearts of so many. I can reckon up at least fourteen new hymnals in which more or fewer of them have found a place."

The melodies to the various hymns taken from the *Rhythm* are almost as well known, perhaps equally so, as the hymns themselves. Dr. Neale was frequently asked to what tune the words of Bernard might be sung. In the fourth edition, published in 1861, he publicly answers the query. "Of the many tunes which have been composed," he writes, "I may here mention that of Mr. Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and with children the most popular; that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical; and that of another friend, Mr. Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words." The Mr. Ewing referred to was the husband of Juliana Horatia Ewing, the author of *Jackanapes* and many other well-known stories for children.

There have been many paraphrases of the 90th Psalm, some of them exceedingly fine, but they have all given place to that by Dr. Watts beginning, "Our God, our help in ages past." The exact date of this composition is uncertain, but it is generally supposed to have been written

when the author was past forty. In the Methodist hymnal it is placed in that section quaintly headed "Describing Death," and is sometimes used as a funeral hymn. Though written originally "*Our* God, our help in ages past," Watts himself subsequently changed the opening line to "O God! our help in ages past," and in this form it is found in most hymnals.

It has been said that nearly all great men have been members of large families, and this is borne out by Isaac Watts, who was the eldest of nine children. The events of his life are too well known to need recalling here, but it is rather an interesting fact that, when at an advanced age he was approaching death, he found consolation, not in his own hymns, but in those of other writers. In this respect he resembled the Father of Methodism who, when he lay dying, kept repeating the opening line of Watts' fine hymn,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

Only a few moments before the end came he endeavoured to repeat the hymn, but could only gasp out "I'll praise, I'll praise," and so struggling for breath died. It was a fine tribute to the worth of Watts' hymn, and it is probable that many another Christian has also passed away with

the same words on his lips. Isaac Watts died November 25, 1748, at the age of seventy-four. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most successful of the many hymns which have been written during the last twenty years is George Matheson's "O Love that wilt not let me go." This hymn has been specially set to music by Dr. A. L. Peace, who wrote for it the extremely beautiful melody "St. Margaret."

Some short while since I wrote to Dr. Matheson asking him for the story of his hymn and also for a MS. in his own handwriting, in order that I might reproduce it in facsimile. It was not until after I had posted the letter that I remembered with some dismay that the great Scottish preacher was blind. By return of post, however, I received a letter written by Dr. Matheson's secretary, in which he said: "I have been blind from youth, and have long since given up all caligraphy now, attempting nothing more formidable than my signature, and this only when required for formal documents.

"The circumstances under which I wrote 'O Love that wilt not let me go,'" continues Dr. Matheson's letter, "were these. It was not composed; it came as an inspiration. I well remem-

1 MR. RICHARD BAXTER.
From an Engraving.

2 SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.
From a Drawing.

3 MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
From an Engraving.

4 THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARD MANT, D.D.
From an Engraving.

5 THE REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D.
Photo by Horsburgh.

ber the occasion. It was at Innellan, on an evening in June, 1882. I had suffered a severe loss, and was greatly depressed. As I sat there, very sad and unhappy, the words flashed into my mind, and in a few minutes the four verses of the hymn were complete. It seemed as if they had been swiftly dictated to me by some invisible medium, complete in language and rhythm. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me that the little hymn has found so large an acceptance. Every year I receive many requests from compilers of hymnals in all parts of the world to be allowed to include 'O Love that wilt not let me go' in their collections, requests which I am only too delighted to grant."

Dr. Matheson is at present minister of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, a position which he has now filled for many years.

There are many hymns which have associations with the Isle of Wight. We have already referred to several, and the number is increased by yet another, this being Mr. Thomas Binney's "Eternal light! eternal light!" This hymn was written at Newport, not a great way from the house in which Mrs. Luke now resides. The origin of this hymn was told me by one who in his youth was a personal friend of Thomas Binney. It appears

that the late hymnist, who had a fondness for solitude, was one evening sitting at the window of his house watching the sun set. He sat there long after the light of day had disappeared, until the moon rose and the stars began to come forth. And then the thought struck him how wonderful it seemed that the sky was never free from light, it was eternal. After sitting in contemplation for some considerable time longer, the lines of the hymn began to frame themselves in his brain. Rising at last, he shut the window and retired to his own room. That night before he closed his eyes in sleep the hymn was written. It was published about the year 1820 with special music, which, however, did not commend itself very highly to the public taste. Thirty-five years later it was again set to music by a Mr. Burnett of Highgate, whose setting was very much more successful. The hymn is a favourite in America, though in American hymnals the original text is not generally adhered to. The manner in which his hymn was occasionally mutilated was sometimes a source of annoyance to Mr. Binney, who often referred rather sarcastically to the manner in which compilers unblushingly altered a hymn to suit their own particular views.

Dr. Binney, who for many years was pastor at

Newport, was the author of a great number of prose works. "Eternal light! eternal light!" is the only hymn of his which has gained any degree of popularity.

The late Thomas Toke Lynch was the author of a volume of hymns which created one of the most remarkable controversies in the history of hymnology. This book was entitled *The Rivulet*, and from it have come into common use many very beautiful compositions, the most popular, perhaps, being the one he wrote on the Holy Spirit:—

> Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,
> I myself would gracious be.

This simple little hymn has been appropriated by a great number of editors, and is the one by which Mr. Lynch's name will be longest held in remembrance.

Thomas Lynch was born in 1818 at Dunmow, in Essex, being the son of a surgeon. He was always delicate, but even as a boy bright and manly. Almost before he had reached his teens he had composed many hymns and poems, and his great ambition was to have a volume of them published. In view of this wish being fulfilled one day he wrote a dedication, which he addressed

to himself. This remarkable document began, "Dearest Myself,—As you have had some concern in writing these verses, and are besides my oldest and most intimate friend, it is but proper that I should dedicate them to you. I wish you to take this rather as a token of affection than respect. Our near relationship and close intimacy make me still retain some regard for you, although you have much injured me and thwarted many of my designs," etc. This curious address, over which Mr. Lynch had many a laugh in after years, concluded, "I remain, My dearest myself, Your affectionate though injured companion, I." Both the poems and the dedication were written before he had reached his fifteenth year.

For several years Mr. Lynch discharged the duties of a minister in London, but owing to enfeebled health he was obliged to retire. On partially recovering his strength in 1860, he took a room in Gower Street, where he continued to preach every Sunday for a couple of years, when he removed to Hampstead and became minister of Mornington Church. He died on May 9, 1871, at the age of fifty-three.

A hymn which is generally sung on Trinity Sunday, and which was written especially for that day, is Reginald Heber's magnificent paraphrase :—

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

This beautiful hymn is very often sung as a morning hymn, and is, in fact, a general favourite throughout the year. It was not published until after Heber's death, like very many of his hymns, but almost immediately after its appearance it began to be inserted in all the new collections. It was written on the text taken from Revelation:—"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come." I have in my possession a photograph of the hymn as it appears in Heber's collection of MSS. at the British Museum. It is headed "For Trinity Sunday," and is initialled with the letters "R. H." If it is not the most popular of all Heber's hymns—and many assert that it is—there is certainly no other of this author's compositions which exceeds it in beauty. It has been translated into as many foreign languages as "From Greenland's icy mountains" and is a favourite subject with students for conversion into Latin.

A word must be said regarding the triumphant and martial melody to which it is allied. This

composition, known by the name of "Nicaea," was written by the late Dr. Dykes. Many attempts have been made to supplant this melody, but without success. Like that to "Eternal Father! strong to save," it stands alone and will live with the hymn. It is one of the best known of Dr. Dykes' tunes, and was very popular in Durham. On one occasion, when Dr. Dykes went into a shop in that city to make a purchase, there happened to be standing behind the counter three young assistants. A look of intelligence passed between them, and the first assistant softly uttered the word "Holy" on E, the second followed suit on G sharp and the third finished on B. Dr. Dykes looked amused and rather scandalized but said nothing. The same thing occurred on other occasions until the composer quietly asked the young men to desist, which they very politely did. This little incident was told me by a personal friend of the late composer.

"Now thank we all our God" is Miss Winkworth's translation of Martin Rinkart's great hymn. It is said to have been written in commemoration of the Peace of Westphalia, but this is a story which can hardly be relied upon. Rinkart passed through all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and he can certainly have seen little during

that terrible time calculated to inspire in his breast a hymn of such gratitude and praise as "Now thank we all our God." One writer has suggested that he wrote the hymn in anticipation of the Peace which he knew must come some day, and this is not at all unlikely. At one time he was shut up in Eilenburg, where there were gathered together many thousands of refugees. Pestilence broke out, and they died by hundreds. All the clergymen, with the exception of Rinkart, succumbed and were buried. He was a man as brave and fearless as Martin Luther, and he continued to read the burial service over the blackened bodies of the famine's victims until he too fell exhausted. During this time he must have written the hymn which has survived for two hundred and fifty years. It has been sung on many important occasions when Peace has been declared, the last time being at St. Paul's Cathedral, when it was voiced by an immense congregation as a thanksgiving hymn for the cessation of hostilities between this country and South Africa. A curious coincidence in connexion with the singing of the hymn on that occasion was the fact that the name of the composer was closely allied to that of the man who was at one time President of the South African Republic. The name of the composer was Johann Cruger, and the hymn

tune was composed about the year 1649, so that it may possibly have been written specially for Rinkart's composition. It is a fine, impressive setting, and suits the hymn admirably.

Bishop Bickersteth has written a considerable number of hymns, to some of which reference has already been made, but the one which will keep his name longest in the Church's memory is that which he wrote in 1875:—

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

This hymn steadily increases in favour year by year, and its growing popularity is in no way lessened by the very beautiful melody entitled "Pax Tecum," which was specially written for it by Mr. G. T. Coldbeck.

It has been published in the form of a card, and many hundreds of these have been distributed by the Bishop among the numerous children he has confirmed. The hymn owes its origin, the author tells me, to the impression made upon him by a sermon preached by Canon Gibbons from the text "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Canon Gibbons was a celebrated preacher, and so much was Dr. Bickersteth

moved by his discourse that, on reaching home, he penned the lines almost spontaneously. They came with little effort, and the whole composition was completed in a very few minutes. He took less time over it than any other of his hymns, and yet it has become the best known. It has been favourably compared to Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," a somewhat curious coincidence when one remembers the hot water Dr. Bickersteth got into for adding an additional stanza to that favourite hymn. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, who is a critic as well as a poet, says of "Peace, perfect peace": —"It would be difficult to name any other hymn so filled with the sense of man's security as this, which tranquillizes me at certain moments to a remarkable degree."

"O Jesu, Thou art standing" was written by the late Bishop of Wakefield in 1867. It is one of the most popular of Bishop How's compositions, and is to be found in a great number of hymnals. It has come to be associated with Holman Hunt's celebrated picture of Christ knocking at the door. Bishop How also wrote the special hymn for the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, but though it was a fine composition and suited its purpose well, it will probably not be included in many hymnals. This, of course, is due to

the fact that it was written for a unique and probably never-to-be-repeated occasion.

With regard to "O Jesu, Thou art standing," I find among my papers a letter from the author enclosing a MS. of his well-known hymn. He says:—"There is very little to be said regarding the writing of 'O Jesu, Thou art standing'; certainly nothing worth calling a story. I composed the hymn early in 1867, after I had been reading a very beautiful poem entitled 'Brothers and a Sermon.' The pathos of the verses impressed me very forcibly at the time. I read them over and over again, and finally closing the book I scribbled on an odd scrap of paper my first ideas of the verses beginning 'O Jesu, Thou art standing.' I altered them a good deal subsequently, but I am fortunate in being able to say that after the hymn left my hands it was never revised or altered in any way."

"Thy life was given for me," or, as in some collections, "I gave My life for thee," is one of Miss Havergal's most popular hymns and is an especial favourite in America. A few years before her death Miss Havergal received a letter from an unknown correspondent in Brooklyn asking for some information respecting this composition. In reply the authoress wrote:—"The hymn was the first thing I ever wrote which could be called a

hymn, and it was composed when I was quite a young girl. I did not half realize what I was writing about. I scribbled it in pencil on the back of a circular, in a few minutes, and then read it over and thought, 'Well, this is not poetry. I will not go to the trouble to copy this.' And I stretched out my hand to put it in the fire: but a sudden impulse made me draw back, and I put it, crumpled and singed, into my pocket. Soon after I went out to see an old woman in an almshouse. She began to talk to me, as she always did, about her dear Saviour, and I thought I would see if the simple old woman would care for these verses which I felt sure nobody else would care to read. So I read them to her, and she was so delighted with them that, when I went back, I copied them out and kept them, and now the hymn is more widely known than any. Afterwards my father wrote for it the tune 'Baca,' to which it is now almost always sung."

As a hymnist John Wesley is principally known by his translations, and it is to him that we are indebted for having first opened up to us the beauties of German hymnody. No finer translations are to be found than his versions of Scheffler's "Thee will I love, my strength, my tower," and "Lo! God is here, let us adore."

In order to catch the thoughts that fly, John Wesley invented a system of short long-hand. When walking or riding, appropriate lines would occur to him, and these were immediately entered in a small notebook which was kept ready for the purpose. When his destination was reached the hymn was carefully gone through, the weak lines expunged and the strong ones strengthened. He was his own severest critic, and he never distributed a hymn amongst his congregation without spending an immense amount of thought upon it.

The most popular of John Wesley's translations is :—

> Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain.

Mr. G. J. Stevenson in his notes says : "Some one has likened this hymn to the word of God, for in it are found no less than thirty-six separate passages of Scripture which, in language or spirit, correspond with the lines of the hymn."

When he had finished the translation John Wesley sent a copy of it to a German Moravian who was at that time in London, asking him to frankly criticise it, and if he thought it might be improved to kindly say so. It was returned with many expressions of approval and a suggestion

that the third stanza should be altered. The Moravian enclosed an improved version of this verse which Wesley afterwards adopted. The "Father of Methodism" was always willing to take sound advice and ever ready to consider the opinions of his critics.

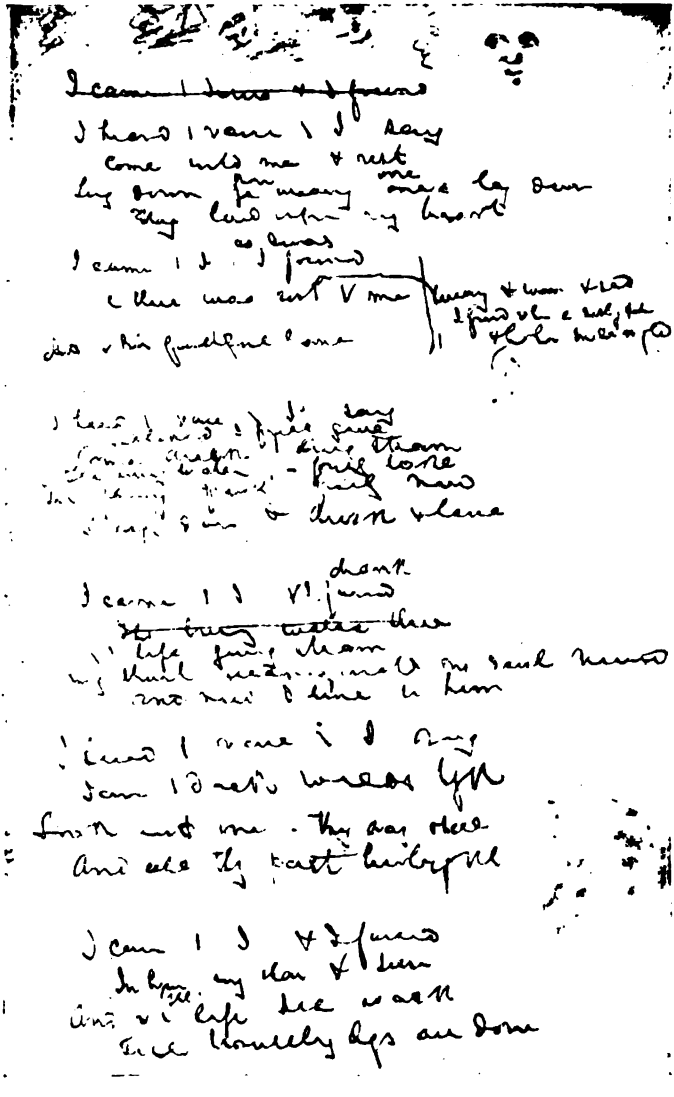
"I heard the voice of Jesus say," the finest and perhaps most loved of all Horatius Bonar's hymns, was written while the author was minister at Kelso. A reproduction of the original manuscript from Dr. Bonar's notebook, which I am able to give through the courtesy of his son, will be studied with peculiar interest by all lovers of the great Scotsman's compositions. Among hymnal manuscripts it is unique, for it gives some insight into the method the author adopted when composing his hymns. His son tells me that he would take his notebook, and while thinking out the lines of his hymn he would be busy with his pencil, making little sketches all over the margin of the page. It is evident from the MS. that Dr. Bonar, like John Wesley, made use of a kind of shorthand, though in his case the signs employed bear a strong likeness to Pitman's system. The original MS. of "I heard the voice of Jesus say" is now very much worn and faded. It is written in pencil, and the photographer who copied the original tells me that he had to give an

exposure of something like three-quarters of an hour in order to get even a fairly good result.

Dr. Bonar's notebook, which is now one of the most precious relics he has left behind, contains, I believe, many other hymns, including "I was a wandering sheep," written two or three years previous to "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and that very beautiful resignation hymn, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," written in 1855.

The name of Harriet Auber will be remembered in connection with a single hymn, though she wrote others which are to-day in use at Spurgeon's Tabernacle and elsewhere. "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed" was written as a Whitsuntide hymn, but has now become so great a favourite that in most collections it finds a place among those for "General Use."

Apart from the great beauty of "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed," the hymn is remarkable from the fact that the authoress first wrote it on a pane of glass in a window of her house at Hoddesdon, where she resided for many years. To Mr. C. W. Lock of that town I am indebted for a photograph of this interesting house, which shows the window which contained this strange manuscript, though the pane has long since been removed.



Facsimile of "I heard the voice of Jesus say."
From the original MS.

Writing from Hoddesdon, Mr. Lock says: "I remember the house well in which Miss Auber used to live, and where she died in 1862 at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine. She was buried in the churchyard immediately opposite the house. She and a Miss Mackenzie lived together, two saintly old ladies who were known and loved for many miles round. While Miss Auber wrote poetry Miss Mackenzie was the author of a considerable number of prose works of a religious nature.

"A lady resident here, whose relations lived in Miss Auber's house after the decease of the hymnist, tells me that when visiting her friends she often saw the hymn on a pane of glass in one of the bedroom windows at the back of the house, but that after her friends left Hoddesdon the pane was removed by some person and has never been recovered. No trace was ever found of it. This lady has put a cross on the window in the photograph to show which pane of glass the hymn was written on."

Though there has been a good deal of controversy as to who was the author of "All people that on earth do dwell," there can be little doubt that it was the work of William Kethe. It first appeared in 1560, and since that date few hymnals have been published in which it has not found a

place. Perhaps the tune to which it is allied, and which is generally known as "the Old Hundredth," is almost as famous as the hymn itself. This tune originally appeared in the *Genevan Psalter*, which dates back to about the year 1543, and it is not therefore at all unlikely that Kethe wrote his hymn to the tune.

A somewhat interesting incident may be mentioned in connection with this composition. As sung to-day the second verse runs :—

> The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
> Without our aid He did us make;
> We are His flock, He doth us feed,
> And for His sheep He doth us take.

In the original, however, the word in the third line was not "flock" but "folk," spelt in the Old English "folck." It is generally supposed that this alteration, which occurred not so many years after it was first published, was due to a printer's error, the "o" and the "l" being transposed. If this is correct it was rather a happy mistake, the connection between "flock" and "sheep" being decidedly appropriate. Perhaps, after all, the printer thought that he could improve on the original, and there is little doubt that he did so. It may be mentioned that Prebendary Thring in his collection has reverted to the original "folk." The exact date

of William Kethe's death is not known; in all probability it occurred towards the closing years of the sixteenth century.

A hymn which is said to be a favourite with King Edward VII. is :—

Nearer my God to thee
Nearer to thee!
Yes tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me!

which was written by Sarah Flower and first published in 1841. The authoress was the daughter of a couple who first became acquainted in Newgate gaol. It was no great offence for which Benjamin Flower was imprisoned, being nothing more heinous than a spirited defence of the French Revolution. While in gaol he was visited by a Miss Eliza Gould, and the friendship thus formed ripened into love, and when his term of imprisonment was over they were married. Two children were born, Eliza and Sarah, both of whom were singularly gifted. Sarah was a poetess of great sweetness and power, while Elizabeth developed a wonderful talent for musical composition, setting nearly all her sister's poems and hymns to music.

Some time ago I had an interesting corre-

spondence with Mrs. Bridell Fox, a near relative of the late Mrs. Sarah Adams (*née* Flower), in which she gives an attractive word portrait of the authoress of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." She says: "Sarah was tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and regular features; in manner she was gay and impulsive, her conversation full of sparkling wit and kindly humour."

"How she composed her hymns," Mrs. Fox says in another letter, "can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of composing them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse or feeling at the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would be, of course, to a certain extent, an exception; also, perhaps, when she was writing words for music already in use at South Place Chapel. Otherwise she wrote when she felt that the spirit moved her."

Some years ago Mrs. Fox collected Miss Flower's sacred and secular music, and this has since been lodged in the British Museum together with Mrs. Adams' religious drama *Vivia Perpetua*. Included in the former is an exquisite setting of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It is not easy, however, and requires several good soprano voices to make it effective.

Both sisters died at comparatively early ages and within two years of each other—Eliza in December, 1846, and Sarah on August 11, 1848. At the funerals of both, the hymns and music sung were the compositions of the two gifted sisters.

Rather a remarkable story is told in connection with this hymn. When Mr. McKinley was almost *in extremis* he derived great comfort from the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and various accounts of the composition appeared in the London papers. One correspondent told a story which was related to him by the Rev. Dr. Moulton, who was for over thirty years a missionary in the Tongan Islands. "On one of his periodical visits to the smaller islands," wrote the anonymous correspondent, "he landed at one rarely even visited by missionaries, and there heard that an old Tongan, who had some years before been converted to Christianity, was dying. The doctor hastened to the hut of the sufferer, and there a curious sight met his view. The old man had been propped up by his friends so that he clung by his two arms to a beam stretching across the room; there he half hung with closed eyes and a face drawn with agony constantly murmuring some words. The doctor drew silently near to him, thinking that the dying man was making

some last request. 'Judge of my astonishment,' he said in relating the incident, 'when I heard these words uttered over and over again—in Tongan of course—"Nearer, O God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee,"' In those days—almost forty years ago—the hymn of the cultured, saintly Englishwoman had not reached the Tongan natives, but the same spirit that inspired the thought in her doubtless inspired it in the heart of the poor, untutored Christian Tongan."

In the Olney Hymn Book there is no more beautiful composition than John Newton's "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." It was written when the author had passed his fiftieth year. It is probably the best known of all Newton's hymns with the exception of his "Glorious things of Thee are spoken."

Newton was the son of a sailor and spent many years at sea, where, on his own confession, he spent the life of a reckless and profligate sailor. He was at one time in the service of an African slave-dealer, and for some years commanded a slave ship. There was no kind of wickedness which he did not commit or boast of having committed. But when he reached his thirtieth year he came under the influence of the Nonconformists, and forsaking his seafaring life he gave himself up to

1 THE REV. W. BULLOCK, D.D.
Photo by Notman, Nova Scotia.

2 THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.
Photo by H. Edmonds, Hull.

3 MR. WILLIAM WHITING.
From a Photo.

4 MR. W. CHATTERTON DIX.
Photo by Lindon Hatt, Clifton.

5 THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M.A.
From an Engraving.

6 THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D.
Photo by Maull & Co.

preaching and became curate of Olney, where most of his hymns were written. He has published his own life, wherein he gives a faithful and frank account of himself, dwelling with considerable emphasis on those years of wickedness which preceded his conversion. He lived to the good old age of eighty-two and continued preaching almost to the last. The following little story is related regarding the hymnist which is not without interest :—

"When he had passed his fourscore years he continued to preach. As it was with difficulty that he could see to read his manuscript he took a servant with him into the pulpit, who stood behind him and with a wooden pointer would trace out the lines. One Sunday morning Newton came to the words in his sermon, 'Jesus Christ is precious,' and wishing to emphasize them he repeated : 'Jesus Christ is precious.' His servant thinking he was getting confused whispered, 'Go on, go on, you said that before'; when Newton looking round replied, 'John, I said that twice, and I am going to say it again'; then with redoubled force he sounded out the words, 'JESUS CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.'"

To the late Rev. William Bullock, D.D., Dean of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Church is indebted

for "We love the place, O God," one of the best known of modern hymns. It has been my privilege to see the composition in the original, and it is remarkable to note the amount of alteration it has undergone at the hands of compilers. The last two verses as written by Dean Bullock have appeared in few hymnals, and as they may be new to many of my readers their reproduction here may not be without interest:—

We love Thy saints who come
  Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
  And magnify Thy name.

Our first and latest love
  To Zion shall be given—
The house of God above,
  On earth the gate of heaven.

With regard to this hymn Mr. R. H. Bullock, the Dean's son, who still lives in Halifax, says: "We have a strong impression that the hymn was composed in 1827 for the consecration of the church in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, of which he was the Rector. Two or three years ago this hymn was sung at the consecration of a new church erected on the same site, when the sermon which was preached there in 1827 was preached again from the original manuscript. My father

more often than not read his sermons, and we have therefore been able to preserve very many of them.

"All through his life my father cultivated poetry, and I note in his journal (which we still possess) the account of a voyage round the island of Newfoundland, with the Governor, in his yacht in 1828, when several pieces of domestic and religious poetry were composed at sea. My father was passionately fond of the water, and was never so happy as when at the helm running before a stiff breeze."

Dean Bullock was born at Prettiwell, Apex, and after receiving his education at the "Blue Coat School" passed into the Royal Navy, where he remained for some years and attained the rank of lieutenant. He was employed with his brother, the late Admiral Frederick Bullock, in surveying the coast of Newfoundland, and it was while thus engaged that he resolved to take Holy Orders and become a missionary in that colony.

Should you ever visit Trinity Bay you will find that the name and memory of the late Dean (he died in 1874) are both held dear, and that his influence is still widely felt. This little settlement has furnished no less than five ministers of the Gospel, and with expressions of gratitude and

affection the settlers will tell you to whose influence this is due.

It has been said of the hymns by the late Dr. J. S. B. Monsell that few of them, if any, will celebrate their second century. This is perhaps too severe a judgment, for a couple at least will live—"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," and "Fight the good fight with all thy might." Either of these hymns is worthy the pen of any hymnist. The latter came prominently before the public during the years of the South African war, and was heartily sung by congregations of all denominations. In America, too, it is a great favourite, and played a prominent part in religious services during the war between that country and the Philippines. It has been set to music several times by different composers, the most popular tunes being "St. Crispin," by Sir G. J. Elvey, and "Pentecost," by William Boyd.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" is perhaps Monsell's best known hymn. It was written about the year 1860, after the author had passed his fiftieth year, so that it was not, as I have seen it stated, one of Dr. Monsell's earliest compositions. After its publication Dr. Monsell wrote a second version, but it is the origina which

is usually found in our hymnals. In many cases, however, the hymn begins, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," the interjection being omitted. This hymn was very successfully set to music by Sir Henry Smart, his tune, "Meredun," being the one to which it is generally now sung.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell was born in Londonderry in 1811. In 1834 he took orders, and subsequently became Vicar of Egham and afterwards of Guildford in Surrey. He published several volumes of poems and hymns, as well as some prose works. His death was due to an accident. His church at Guildford was undergoing repairs, and Dr. Monsell, who took considerable interest in the renovation, used often to watch the men at work. One day he stood in the aisle, and was looking up at some alterations which were being made in the roof when a large piece of masonry fell. To the consternation of the workmen, the stone struck Dr. Monsell on the head, felling him to the ground, where he lay unconscious. He was tenderly carried to the rectory, where everything was done to save his life, but without success. He died on April 9, 1875, at the age of sixty-four.

Nearlv all the hymnal manuscripts of the late

hymnist are in the possession of his son, Colonel Monsell, who resides in London.

Between the two hymns, "Come unto Me, ye weary" and "I heard the voice of Jesus say," there is a good deal of similarity. Both are what one might call Invitation hymns; both are written in verses of eight lines each; and though the metre is not the same, the difference is so slight as almost to be unnoticeable; while the author of the remarkably beautiful tunes to both, known as "Come unto Me" and "Vox Dilecti," is the same, namely John Bacchus Dykes. Curiously enough, too, in many hymnals they follow each other. There was, however, a difference of over twenty years between the time of their composition, "Come unto Me, ye weary" not having been written until 1867, while, as already mentioned, "I heard the voice of Jesus say" was written in 1845.

Not a great while before his death Mr. Chatterton Dix sent me a manuscript copy of his hymn:—

Come unto Me, ye weary
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
which comes to hearts oppressed!

together with a few remarks as to the circumstances under which he composed it. "I was ill and depressed at the time," he says, "and it was almost to idle away the hours that I wrote the hymn. I had been ill for many weeks, and felt weary and faint, and the hymn really expresses the languidness of body from which I was suffering at the time. Soon after its composition—and it took me some time to write out, for my hand trembled, and I could with difficulty hold the pen—I recovered, and I always look back to that hymn as the turning-point in my illness. It is a somewhat curious fact that most of my best known hymns were written when I was suffering from some bodily ailment. Dr. Dykes' setting I consider one of the most beautiful in the hymnal." Like the late Cardinal Newman, Mr. Dix was almost tempted to say that it had much to do with the success of the hymn. "Come unto Me, ye weary" was suggested to the author by the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mr. Dix died at Clifton in 1898 at the age of sixty.

Considering the very large number of hymns which were written by the late Sir John Bowring it is rather remarkable that so few should have found their way into collections used by the

Church of England. One, however, which appears to be sung by all denominations is that very fine hymn beginning "In the Cross of Christ I glory." This was one of Sir John Bowring's earliest hymns, being written when he was between twenty and thirty years of age. It is popular in all countries where the English tongue is spoken and has been translated into several languages.

To Charles II's chaplain, Richard Baxter, we owe one of the most beautiful resignation hymns ever penned. "Lord, it belongs not to my care" must have been composed when the author was quite an old man, and was not published until shortly before his death. It is said to have been a great favourite with his wife and was sung by her during her last illness. Richard Baxter wrote many other hymns not one of which, however, has so staunchly stood the test of time as "Lord, it belongs not to my care." It was Baxter, it will be remembered, who, when greeted by the terrible Judge Jeffreys with the remark, "Richard, I see the rogue in thy face," replied "I had not known before that my face was a mirror." Baxter died in 1691 at the age of seventy-six.

A hymn which, though originally written for Trinity Sunday, has become a general favourite

for any season of the year is Bishop Mant's "Bright the vision that delighted," sometimes commencing "Round the Lord in glory seated," as in Thring's collection. It was written in the early thirties and published in the author's *Ancient Hymns*. From thence it passed into numerous collections and ultimately took its place as the most popular of all this writer's hymns. Bishop Mant died in 1848.

The number of hymns which have come to us from the Welsh is not great, but among them is one which I cannot refrain mentioning before bringing this little volume to a close. It is William Williams' "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." The hymn was first published in the original Welsh in 1745, but it was not until some twenty-five years later that the first English translation appeared. This translation, which is partially the one now in general use, was made by Peter Williams, a clergyman of Carmarthen. Whether any relationship existed between author and translator I do not know, but as Williams is by no means an uncommon name in the Principality it is not improbable that the similarity in names is merely a coincidence. After Peter Williams' version had appeared, the author of the original, not being altogether satisfied with it,

determined to make a translation of his own. This he did so successfully that in nearly all modern hymnals the last two verses are generally those taken from his own translation.

William Williams was born near Llandovery in 1717, and after ordination became curate in various Welsh parishes. He was a fine preacher, and had a large following. His hymns, most of which were written at odd moments, were collected and published in book form. They became immensely popular in Wales, and are to-day sung in the original tongue in many of the villages and towns. The only composition, however, which may be said to be universally known in England is "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." For this hymn Sir George Elvey wrote the very fine melody "Pilgrimage," to which it is usually sung. Mr. Williams died in 1791 at the age of seventy-four.

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